EXCLUSIVE

READ ABOUT: AVA GARD-NER'S LOVERS-Suzy Parker and her Playboys.. MARIA CALLAS' ONE NIGHT OF LOVE



Sarah Churchill's Binge FAROUK'S NUDIST PARTIES....

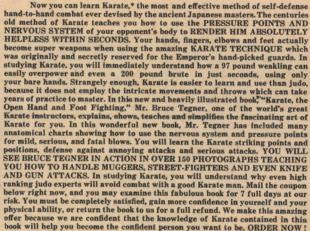




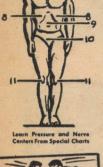
The world-wide search for Adolf Eichmann, killer of 5,000,000 Jews during the Nazi regime in Germany, ended abruptly last June with the announcement that Eichmann had been captured by Israeli secret agents who had sought him for years. The news was received with gratification throughout most of the civilized world. But from Argentina, grunts of discontent were forthcoming regarding the manner in which Eichmann had been tracked down and apprehended. For the amazing story of his capture, read "The Beast Is In Chains" starting on page 7.

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EXCLUSIVE explores, for your reading pleasure this month, a bevy of Hollywood and International beauties, who make up the core of the world of entertainment. Starting with fiery opera star Maria Calas, whose shipboard romances with one of the world's riches men has raised eyebrows from Cannes to Cairo, we move on to lovely Ava Gardner who's been wandering the Mediterranean from Monte Cario to Madrid. Suzy Parker kept her divorce a secret for months — maybe even years — but the story's out now and it's a sizzler. Tuesday Weld has the ordinary teenagee problems, plus a few extra: she's so popular with the boys that embarrassing mixups sometimes occur. Sarah Churchill makes with the booze and the entire London Police Department gets the shakes. Finally, Gia Scala can't resist showing off her charms, particularly when they're so delightfully encased in a low-cut blouse...



EXCLUSIVE

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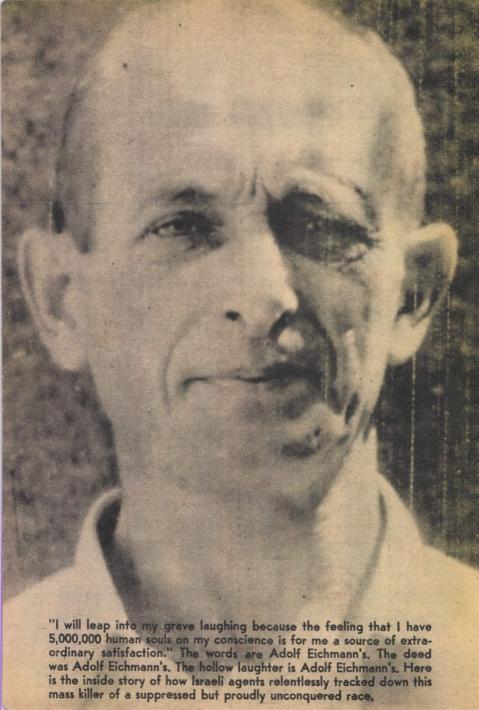
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BEAST SI GHANS



Hard by the harbor of Buenos Aires one day last spring, an Israeli submarine lay trapped under a brace of Argentine destroyers. The crew of the sub knew they hadn't been sighted; they'd surfaced only at night and very discreetly. Nevertheless, they were fully aware that they were now under the watchful eyes of Argentine sonar.

The sub had come on a specific mission: to snatch the notorious Jewish exterminator Adolf Eichmann from the comfortable life he had been leading for years in Argentina. But the governments of Israel and Argentina were on friendly terms and the trick was to to accomplish the mission in secrecy so that relations would not be strained.

But they had been detected and right now, above them, destroyers were patrolling the waters, sending out electronic fingers to keep tabs on the unknown submarine lying well inside Argentina's territorial waters. Inside the sub, in addition to the normal crew, huddled a small, wispy, bald-headed man - the notorious Adolf Eichmann - who had been kidnapped by a commando team of Israeli agents just three days before. He appeared nervous and sullen, as if he knew he was about to die. What matter whether it was in an alien submarine at the bottom of the sea or in a hangman's noose while thousands watched?

Adolf Eichmann had escaped justice when the Nuremberg trials were held in Germany after the war. While hundreds of Nazi officals stood trial, Eichmann managed to break out of an American internment camp in 1945 and disappear. For fifteen years, Eichmann kept out of reach of world justice. He

Eichmann's victims — 5,000,000 strong — will be offered as damning evidence at his up coming trial.





had always been one of the lesser known Nazi war criminals, his anonymity stretching back to the days when he was chief of the Gestapo's Jewish Section, a self-announced expert on Zionist affairs and the number one human exterminator of all time.

There were even those who said Eichmann himself was partly or wholly Jewish and had turned on his race. He boasted, while awaiting trial at Nuremberg, "I will leap into my grave laughing because the feeling that I have 5,000,000 human souls on my conscience is for me a source of extraordinary satisfaction."

So little is known of Eichmann's past, it is hard to say whether or not there was indeed some Jewish blood flowing through his veins. One history says he was born in 1906 in the Ruhr and studied engineering in Austria. Another claims he was born and raised in Palestine. At any rate, from the beginning of the Hitler movement in the late 20s, Eichmann was an avowed Nazi. He joined the party in 1927 and because he "knew a few words of Hebrew and Yiddish," quickly

When American soldiers liberated notorious Nazi concentration camps in 1945, they discovered the real horror behind those barbed-wire fences. Most common implement of mass slaughter were the gas ovens, although other methods, such as hanging (right) were also used.





Starvation claimed many victims before Nazi brutality could step in.

became the official expert on Jewish affairs.

Serving directly under Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler, Eichmann set out on a campaign to obliterate the Jewish race. At first he was content to deport every Jew to Madagascar, not realizing how far Naziism was prepared to pursue its principles of extermination. Then, in 1941, Hitler officially decreed that all jews were to be killed. Eichmann, by now an SS colonel, was jubilant.

"He was completely obsessed with the idea of destroying every single Jew that he could lay his hands on," said Rudolf Hoess, the com-



Even children were subjected to the intense cruclties of the camps.

mandant of Auschwitz who had conferred with Eichmann on the most efficient way to dispose of millions of humans. "Without pity and in cold blood," Eichmann reportedly told Hoess, "we must complete this extermination as rapidly as possible." Thus began the horrible years for European Jewry when men and

women by the hundreds of thousands were herded into gas chambers and administered lethal doses of "Zyklon B" gas, the quickest, cheapest and most efficient extermination means the Nazis could devise.

By 1944, the tide of war had turned, and the Germans wanted materiel more than they wanted mass ex-

termination. Eichmann arranged a conference in Budapest with Joel Brand, a Jewish underground leader, and offered him this deal: "I am prepared to sell you one million Jews... Blood for merchandise; merchandise for blood. My price is the conference of the conference

Brand contacted the Allies and informed them of Eichmann's astounding offer. Invading armies were already sweeping up the Italian boot and across the plains of France and it wouldn't be too long before the notorious concentration camps — Auschwitz, Belsen, Buchenwald — would be liberated. There was no sure way of knowing of the mass butchery taking place behind these barbed - wire encampments. The

thought that 1,000,000 humans — Eichmann's offer — would be slaughtered before the advancing Allied armies could reach these camps, was too fantastic to be believed. So Allied officials turned down Eichmann's blood deal.

Altogether it is estimated that Eichmann pushed the buttons and signed the orders that sent more than 5.000,000 Jews on a last trudge toward the gas chambers. After his escape from the American detention camp in 1945, the Nazi leader's longprotected anonymity paid off handsomely. He managed to elude a dragnet set for his capture. Only one photograph was known to have existed of Eichmann and there were no fingerprint records. An intense search was conducted, but failed to turn up the escaped war criminal. and for all practical purposes he had simply vanished. Allied espionage services continued to look, but

Rare photos show arrest of German Jew, man about



no real good leads turned up. There were plenty of rumors, many saying that Eichmann had slipped into a Communist country from which it would be most difficult to extradite him. But since Russia detested the Nazis as much as anyone, these stories were discounted.

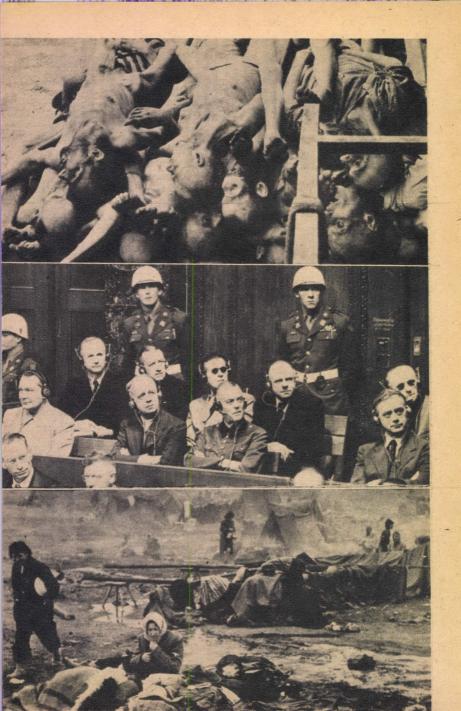
Actually, Eichmann hurdled the Allied dragnet and settled in North Germany, working for a while as a forester. He went on to Spain and finally to Argentina, then under the control of pro-German dictator Juan Peron. There was even a report that ex-Gestapo strongman Eichmann had served with Argentina's secret terror police. With the fall of Peron, Eichmann again moved on — back to Spain, Damascus and Kuwait on the Persian Gulf. Eventually he returned to Argentina.

Israeli secret agents had dogged Eichmann for years. They wanted him and they wanted him bad. At one point, they were all set to arrest his wife, Vera, and his three children, whom they had located in Linz, Austria. The plan was to kidnap them and fly them out of the country to Israel. There they would use them as ransom and force Eichmann out of his hiding place.

But a former mistress of Eichmann told the agents that Eichmann "couldn't care less' about what happened to his family and that the plot would be a hopeless failure and possibly serve to strain relations between Austria and Israel. The girl also informed the Israel bloodhounds that Eichmann had undergone extensive plastic surgery: his baby-face features were gone and in their place now appeared a bald, hollow-cheeked, floppyeared visage with a long, drooping nose. The woman provided the agents with a photograph of the "new" Eichmann.

to be shot into grave, bits of bone remaining in huge oven.





Having decided against the kidnap plot, the Israeli agents continued to sort and sift information coming in on Eichmann. He had fled Germany; he was known to be in Kuwait; he had been seen in Damascus. Then it was learned reliably that he had gone back to South America and was working as an office clerk in an automobile plant and lived near the Buenos Aires airport with his German wife and children (a fourth child had been born in Argentina).

The time for action had come. To Israeli agents, it looked as if Eichmann at last had settled in a niche, safe and secure in the knowledge that "no one" could ever link him to the young, pasty-faced murderer of World War II Germany. But how to get him out? It was decided the best method would be by submarine under the strictest of security measures. Agents would go ashore and kidnap the war criminal and bring him back to a rendezvous point with the sub.

A five-man commando squad was sent ashore and tracked Eichwann in Buenos Aires one spring afternoon as he strolled leisurely down General Paz Avenue on his way home from work. Suddenly a sedan cut out of the heavy traffic and thumped to a halt at the curb. Before Eichmann could cry out, he was grabbed by two burly men, thrown into the back seat of the car and driven quickly to a coastal hideout. There, the Israeli agents waited for darkness before heading for a secret rendezvous with the sub up the coast.

The transfer of Eichmann to the

Nuremberg war crime trials showed horror of Eichmann's regime. submarine was accomplished without a hitch. It was after the sub had dived that the trouble started. An Argentine shore installation had picked up a blip on its radar screen while the submarine was surfaced. Immediately, a pair of fast destroyers were dispatched to the scene, whooping and screeching over the waters like mother hens who had discovered a thief in the barnyard.

The Israeli sub commander had no choice but to sweat it out. To give up now would mean that the chance for justice for Eichmann would be lost, perhaps forever. But even more important, the whole underhanded operation would be brought to light and the Israelis didn't want to risk offending the Argentine government in particular and the Pan-American bloc in general.

So they sat on the bottom and waited. Finally, the destroyers began to move away from the spot in ever-widening circles, indicating that they had lost contact for the moment. The Israeli commander decided to take precautionary evasive action. He started his engines and cautiously threaded his way out of the shallow bay toward the wide expanse of the Atlantic. Luckily, he succeeded. The Argentines never did find out what was creating the blips on their sonar.

The word was flashed to Israeli Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion: "The beast is in chains."

In Jaffa on May 23, 1960, a bald, slightly effeminate - looking man stood before a court in handcuffs and announced firmly in German: "I am Adolf Eichmann. I am not guilty." The man who is charged with disposing of 5,000,000 human lives in the greatest massacre the world has even known, had been returned to be judged by his peers.

THE

MARIA CALLAS





Maria often argues with newsmen as here when she refused to dicuss the separation suits her husband, Giovanni Meneghini, was bringing against her.

Scene: A gay party in a festive European villa. Music, wine, gorgeous women.

Action: A small group of men gather around to listen to a wealthy tycoon who appears to be quite the storyteller. His voice is low-pitched, and you've got to be in the circle to hear it all. A dazzling opera star eavesdrops. She hears her name mentioned and a few seconds later the circle of men erupts into the kind of laughter which is never heard when women are around.

"I heard that!" exclaims the woman. The next thing you know, she's bulling her way through the circle of men and giving the raconteur a resounding thwack across the cheek.

The face of the protagonist suddenly turns from toreador red to chalk white. Livid with rage, he struts out. The party goes on politely, but there are undercurrents — astonished whispers of "mean and nasty remarks" and other explanations for our insulted heroine's actions.

The cast in this melodrama starred Maria Callas as the high-pitched soprano who delivered the resounding whack capable of breaking anyone's molar tooth and Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the bass-voiced storyteller-host-shipping tycoon.

Pulling out our librettos, we find that the plot of this offstage tragicomic opera started last summer when Maria and her 62-year-old millionaire husband. Giovanni Rattista Meneghini were invited for a cruise on Onassis' yacht in the blue Mediterranean. Accompanying them were such stalwarts as Sir and Lady Winston Churchill and other various bluebloods of the Riviera. Meneghini, who, during his ten-year marriage to Maria, had raised her from an ugly plumpling to slimness and stardom, got cramps on the voyage, and stayed behind while Maria went cavorting ashore with the younger Greek- a virile 53. The gay landlubbers swished in and out of the Cote' d'Azur's gay night spots and the song of laughter, dance and



Callas in Dallas: At airport, Maria ducked into car brought to plane's passenger ramp in an unsuccessful effort to dodge news photographers.

romance was still ringing in the opera star's ears when she returned.

Perhaps this was the beginning of the end for impresario Meneghini. Or maybe the beginning came months before when Maria first heard of the Greek shipping magnate and Onassis first took notice of the tempestuous prima donna. The fact that Maria was somewhat of a linguist may have had something to do with her taking up with Onassis. Somewhere along the line, the two of them began to talk turkey.

Onassis' 325-foot yacht became then a stage for all the world to take note of. Maria was having the time of her relatively young life: this sort of cruise was a dream life and she was anxious to ring down the curtain on the first act and get the plot moving.

Her husband found the rolling sea and fresh air a little too much to cope with and spent most of his time wishing boats had never been invented. He was in no mood to watch out for his young wife when Maria slipped ashore with Onassis for that fateful night of dancing and romancing. Upon her return, Maria announced to Giovanni: "I love another man." It wasn't difficult for the jilted spouse to guess who she meant and he promptly got in touch with his attorneys and he and Maria prepared to part company. In September, the curtain was rung down on their ten-year-old marriage.

Mama Callas was shocked at this latest twist in her daughter's life. "Meneghini was a father and a mother to Maria," she said with much head shaking. "Now she no longer needs him. But Maria will never be happy; my soul says it. Women like Maria can never know real love."

Multimillionaire Onassis was already married of course; and Maria did think of her career once in a while, so the two of them played it cool and cagey during the second act.

"My relations with Mr. Onassis involve business matters." Maria repeatedly succeeded in getting across to reporters. This thing is "not (a matter of) passion, just money."

The Greek shipping magnate was equally as mundane and twice as vague. "I am a sailor and anything can happen to me," he said with tongue in cheek.

But now the plot may have taken a new turn. No wedding bells have begun to peal for the lovely opera star and her boyfriend, reputed to be the weathlest man in the world. Yet, no one is looking on Maria as the "Pagliacci" of noble Mediterranean resort life. Instead, everyone sort of laughs a little up their sleeves when they hear about her latest doings along the Riviera. Just a few weeks ago, Maria arrived at "La Chunga, a chic night spot in Cannes, escorted by Roman reveler Renzo Avanzo and honored the patrons of the establishment with a flemenco song. Then she caught sight of the photographers, who had been tipped off by a waiter, swarming in the doors and windows. The panic rose in Maria and got the best of her.

The voice was soprano-high, but the notes unpleasant. "If they take one picture, I shall ask Onassis to drown this place," she threatened at the top of her voice, which happens to be pretty well up on the scale.

In amiable mood, Maria and Lawrence Kelley, General Manager of the Dallas Opera, get together for a chat during rehearsal of her performance.





Aristotle Onassis, millionaire Greek shipowner (right), claims published reports of a romance between the fiery Maria and him were "childish." (Below) Maria smiles as she boards launch from Onassis' yacht.





Being persistent and fearless creatures, the photographers ignored the threat and leaped atop tables and chairs to get a better angle of the maddened lens-shy Maria, now squirming her way through the crowd of onlookers. One lucky cameraman got the picture he wanted. Maria turned on him with a vengeance, started to say something, suddenly thought better of it and stalked out in a fury threatening never to return. The manager of "La Chunga" couldn't have been more pleased and was full aware that the attendant publicity would more than make up for the loss of one free-wheeling customer.

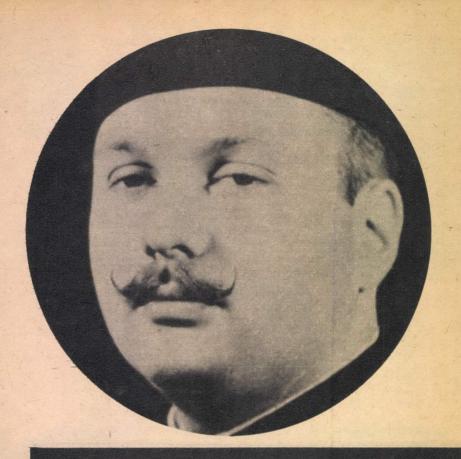
For Maria Callas the bit constituted only one more walkout. True, usually she picks slightly higher-class establishments upon which to vent her displeasure — such as the Metropolitan Opera Company — but the action was the same even if the total performance seemed wasted on

the mediocre locale.

For Aristotle Socrates Onassis. the decision to "drown" "La Chunga" would not be the most important he would have to face that week. There are other matters to attend to when you're heading up a huge tanker fleet and a fortune of some 300 million dollars. But the decision on what to do about the fiery Maria - aha, that was another matter. For what does one do with one so beautiful, yet so bawdy - so tempting, yet so tempestuous? Maybe Onassis would do better to step aside in the matter and allow his board of directors to take up the problem - but then, it's probably all Greek to them too.

In London, after receiving plaudits of her audience, Maria turned on hovering newsmen, blamed them for her marital troubles.





THE NIGHT THEY
NUZE AT

Things were getting dull so the beautiful young model helped jazz things up. First she did a dance - a dance like none of the guests ever saw before. Then she took off her clothes and displayed a classically-molded body that none of the guests had ever seen the likes of before. There then ensued, in this order, a nude swim, a near riot, and a police raid. And, oh, yes - ex-king Farouk almost lost his life.



ROMPED IN THE FAROUK'S FUN VILLA When you're a man without a country, you've got to keep on the run. You have no roots, no place called "back home" where you can send postcards to. And if you're just an ordinary guy, without too much in the bank or a surplus in the boudoir, it can be a pretty grim life.

But if you're an ex-monarch with millions and a reputation for throwing wild orgies, then everything is just a little bit different, and perhaps you can learn to forget you're a man without a country and that "back home" the people hate your guts.

Such a man is King Farouk, deposed ruler of Egypt, who has spent the last few years flitting from one Mediterranean watering spa to another — from Estoril to Nice to Capri — throwing the wildest parties imaginable. Perhaps it is an effort to forget he has no roots: perhaps the obese monarch couldn't care less about such metaphysical

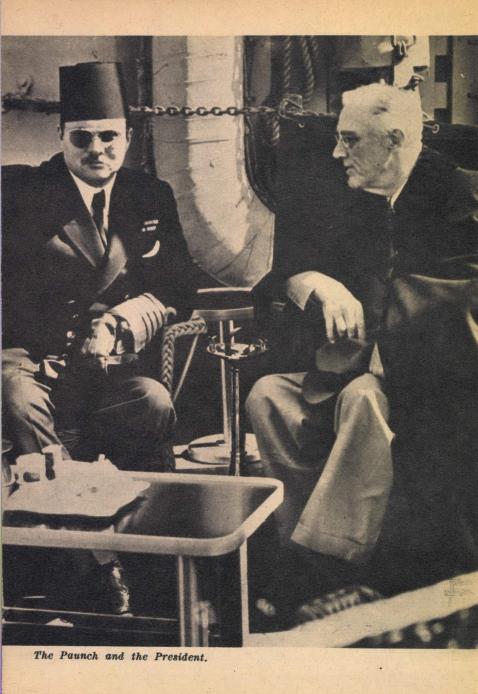
matters. But whatever his drives, King Farouk has selected a mode of life most men envy, a few despise and at least one regrets.

The last named is a young man who broke up a Farouk party one day last May when he found the royal fat man loving it up with his girl friend who happened to be, embarrassingly or not, romping around Farouk's villa without a stitch of clothes on. But of course, it was all on the up and up — the young lady was well-chaperoned by a dozen other guests, as much in the nude as she.

It had been a typical Farouk shindig — building rapidly to a crescendo of sex and violence. The exking of Egypt had hired the villa outside Rome for the occasion and had invited dozens of the regular "Farouk crowd" — persons who the king knew were uninhibited by nature and would let nothing stop them if it meant a lively party. A







young model was one of the guests and she happened to be the apple of Farouk's eye that particular night. The shapely young girl had really started things off big before the evening was too long gone by jumping up and performing a spontaneous bump-and-grind routine for the pleasure of the king and assorted guests.

The gathering loved it; now the party was getting in the spirit of things. The girl responded to the wild applause with an encore. She bumped and ground her way back and forth across the villa's living room; and her wild, frenzied motions left nothing to the imagination. Beginning with subtle suggestions, she worked up to a frantic exotic dance on the floor which could only be interpreted one way

For almost an hour, the girl entertained the guests with her lewd dance. Then, sensing that even this flagrant and highly suggestive routine was wearing thin, she began with enticing slowness to peel off



He likes them informal





her clothes. First came the party dress — a zip here, a wiggle there, and the chic sheath dress began to tumble immodestly down the girl's fine body. The model knew her business; she teased, and teased well; and the guests clamored loudly for more. Finally, the undergarments were stripped off and the girl stood full naked, writhing ecstatically for Farouk's approval.

The strip tease touched off a chain reaction and soon half a dozen guests were down to their birthday suits. Farouk himself led the nude guests out of the house to the swimming pool at the back of the villa. Several men and women dived in and splashed around in the cool,

inviting water.

When they tired of their aquatic exercise, they paired off for nude necking sessions around the pool's edge. The young model who had started the orgy off on the right (or is it wrong?) foot was grabbed up by Farouk himself. That's when the girl's date, who had thus far held his temper with admirable restraint, blew up.

Enraged at the sight of his nude girl friend necking with the fat Farouk, he grabbed a whiskey glass, smashed it against a table and advanced on the embraced couple menacingly. Shouting wildly, the young man shoved the jagged glass into the girl's face. Blood spurted from the gashes and Farouk dropped her like a hot potato.

(upper left) Primping for his favor (lower left) Farouk the family man.
(right) His gals are sexy.



She danced; everything stopped

34

Portrait of an Egyptian sportsman.

Watching the obese man struggle to his feet would have been highly amusing for the assembled guests, had it not been for the awful violence which had just taken place. But the enraged young man was not pacified yet and before any of the guests could stop him, he rushed at the new-fleeing Farouk.

"He's going to kill me!" shouted the thoroughly frightened ex-king. Somehow, Farouk managed to stay away from the wild swings until the man was subdued by servants. The police were called and an ambuiance was dispatened to the villa. Following an emergency operation at a nearby hospital, doctors announced that although the cuts were severe, they hoped to restore the young model's face to its former loveliness with plastic surgery. The jealous young lover was slapped into jail to await the fate of the courts.

For Farouk, who described the attack as "the fright of my life," there would be no more parties—at least for a while. He went into seclusion in an effort to recover from the ordeal!

Farida Zulftoar, his 1937 Queen.

A friend measures the situation





THE

A woman of Ava Gardner's beauty, mystery, complexity and adventure will bring in different armies of men to her life. There are those who want to resurrect and save her, those who want merely to bask in her glory and excitement. And there are those who simply want to love and play.



WANDERING AVA



Ava the flamboyant? Ava the sensuous creature of a thousand rumors? Ava the brown haired misunderstood beauty? Ava the insecure? Ava the lonely?

Take your pick, but whatever you choose as ner designation you must remember that Ava Gardner remains the unchallenged queen of Aphrodisia to millions of men all over the world.

As she lay back on a couch in Italy where she was making a movie, those that had been with her for the past few hours watched with the secret amazement and awe that even her close camp followers experience, the complete change in her demeanor and attitude from what it had been — an hour before — and the different thing that it had been an hour before that.

She had done a sharp Flamenco dance earlier, excited, face flushed, thoroughly enjoying herself. Then she went into a deep brood and now she was relaxing on her couch listening with a soft, nostalgic smile on a face that had softened into true remarkable beauty, to Frank Sinatra singing on record, "I Fall in Love Too Easily."

Is that the theme of her life? Some say quite to the contrary. They allege that she is really a frigid woman out for high kicks and



Sultry Ava before doing the firey Flamence dance.

when a man feels the end of her boot, it makes the kick quite the more enjoyable.

She made known to the others that she "loved that song", and as she listened she drew her skirt above her knees, regarding her legs with an objective indifference not felt by anyone else.

They were looking at a sculptured piece of architecture. As another song goes: "The ankle bone connected to the shin bone, the shin bone connected to the knee bone connected to the thigh bone, the thigh bone connected to the thigh bone, the thigh bone connected to the hip bone," and so it goes way up where there are no bones at all except the curvacious loveliness of one — Ava Gardner — set off by her full lips. challenging eyes and steaming sensuality.

From Sinatra, the eloquent crooner, to some of the eloquent, and ineloquent Matadors, she has driven many a man mad with love and jealousy. The combination of wildness and practicality is another thing that puzzles her intimates.

In 1954 she expatriated herself to Spain. Living under the generally discredited Generalissmo Franco regime would have little meaning to the politically unconscious Ava. What did have significance is that she is now a permanent foreign resident without income tax. She averages over \$7,000 per week for a good part of the year and is reported to have amassed well over a million dollars.

Not bad for what some of her sentimentalist friends characterize as — "a little unhappy girl from the south . . ." This cliche is about as fitting for the wildly glamorous Ava as a pair of jeans on one of her bull fighting friends as he goes out to conquer el Torro.

She is really a strange one, really a mutant of her generation and





Ava's beauty is known world wide.

Ava as a cast-away in a recent American film.

A glamorous Ava on location in Italy.

background, and undoubtedly more envied by the clean-cut American girl who would be quick to discredit her verbally, while secretly dreaming of living Ava's glamorous, frenetic existence.

Ava could step back through time, and tomorrow enter and be enthusiastically accepted in the "roaring twenties" world of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Without doubt, she turned in a knowledgeable and excellent performance as the sex-hungry,

hard drinking, adorable Brett in Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," a bible of that era.

There are acting cults in Hollywood who work like slaves at their art. And they are successful, make a lot of green and "live it up" as much or more than anyone. However, one of their tremendous compensations is a pride in their work and accomplishment.

The actual subject of "acting" to Ava is a moot point. It represents



She has a flair for Spanish dancing. Excitingly beautiful, Ava arrives in town. In "The Naked Maja."

to her only a feed line to a way of life that she demands, and she knows little of the fringe benefits that the sheer work can contribute. She never looks for fringe benefits. She wants the mother lode.

A woman of Ava Gardner's beauty, mystery, complexity, and adventure will bring in different armies of men to her life. There are those who want to resurrect and save her, those who want to teach her; there are those who want to bask in her

glory and excitement. And there are those who simply want to love and play.

The view of her past marriages is less an insight into what makes Ava tick than it is a further proof of her impetuousity and adventurous illogic.

Mickey Rooney, the enfant terrible; Artie Shaw, the musical and intellectual cowboy; Frank Sinatra, the imperative singing lover. Each one a full-bodied man but certainly



A younger Ava with Artie Shaw.



Mario Cabre was her lover in 1950.

a diverse choice of gentlemen.

This history then could be the reason for Ava's affinity to the love and play hoys and the bullfighter.

The Matador, too, is a strange man. He represents a far cry from the Messrs Rooney, Shaw and Sinatra. He represents strangeness, mystery, adventure - Ava's middle names. He likes to love and he likes to play. To a great extent the suceinet and tight-lipped Matadors are the real match for Ava. Whatever they feel behind their thin faces and tight lips they will say only in two places, the bull ring and the bed. While people like Rooney, Shaw and Sinatra will eloquate - the Matadors will wait. After all, it is part of their profession.

When Frankie made a frantic trip to Spain, motivated by the stories he had heard of the romance between the indomitable Luis Miguel Dominguin, thin, insolent looking and very handsome; he was amazed to find not only a man of severe and real potentialities, but a man with a true compassion for Ava. A man who had conquered some 3,000 bulls and was something of a millionaire as well.

To the hero of millions in the *Estados Unidos*, it must have been quite a shock to see this man look at him as if he had acquired some kind of invisibility and wasn't quite present at all.

Frank was ignored. He didn't like this at all and it is quite a comment that free swinging Frank, who really is not afraid of anyone, and who has a liberal sense of excitement, didn't start punching. It is just that he was so damned hurt by the rebuff he was probably planning a bitter campaign against Hollywood womanhood. He'd show Ava. And according to reports he did—chapter and verse, via transatlantic phone. He told her about his esca-

pades with the willing Hollywood glamour girls and avant-garde Ava ate her heart out.

But in Spain there are always the Matadors.

Ava genuinely loves bull fights and bull fighters. The blood and gore, the wounded horses, the Ole, the often unrelenting brutality, the sometimes wounded and courageous Matador — and, of course, most of all, the climatic pleasure, the killing of the bull, fills Ava with passionate and impulsive excitement.

Ava is on the bull fight kick up to her ears. Those that have seen her at these contests of man and beast relay the almost inconceivable flush of excitement about her that positively appears sensual.

Does the bull represent some charging ugly thing in life trying to snuff her out? Does the vanquishment of the beast signify another victory over this deadly enemy? After all isn't the world full of stags and bulls? Isn't life one big bull fight with the world watching and waiting for your bleeding heart — especially if you are a world famous movie star with an international address book of loves and losts.

Whether the bull fight represents a life, sexual or what-have-you symbol, Ava is mad for the heroic Matadors. She loves them even more than she hates the men of the press. For to her they are a symbol of broken and often unhappy times. They have publicized events in her existence that she wanted kept secret and they are always dogging her every step.

The sight of a pad and pencil, a press card or even a pushed back hat is enough to send her into an avalanche of fury, employing a vocabulary usually reserved for long-shoremen after they have dropped a heavy load on a sore toe.



With Director Joseph Mankiewicz.



Ava with Mickey in 1941.



Frankie too was part of her life.

But the skinny, exotic men in their colorful tights and frilled blouses don't have to wave a cape to make Ava come running. Not that they don't stumble over their "swords in an attempt to meet Ava. Her romance with the famous Matador Mario Carbe was filled with poetry, written by him — dedicated to Ava. Ava enjoyed Carbe's poetry as well as his bull ring victories. But Sinatra sent him packing as soon as he arrived in Spain, because Ava s heart still belonged to Frank.

With Luis Miguel Dominquin it was far more sizzling.

This handsome king of the bull fighters showered his attention on Ava in grand Latin style. This famous, retired, millionaire matador did everything in his power to woo the Hollywood glamour girl. It was at Luis' beautiful ranch outside Madrid that Ava took a fling at the bulls in the "home made" bull ring that Dominquin built for his own amusement.

In a setting of 6,000 acres and a 20 bedroom house, Ava let the bulls come at her in the private ring, as Luis stood protectively by. She handled herself with daring and skill, an ever-present commodity of hers when facing danger or mastering things indigenously Spanish. Again, after she had accomplished this feat there was in her that accelerated emotion, the eyes flashing with excitement, the quality of "this is living," emanating from her.

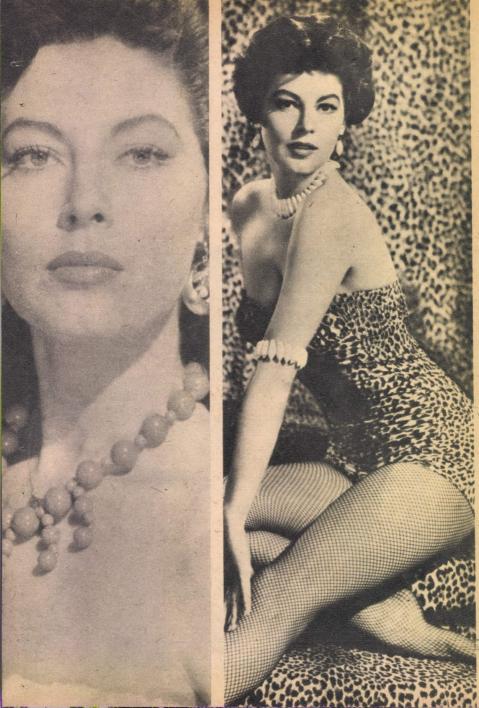
In the course of the romantic Dominquin's courtship, he showered the movie queen with roses and spent long nights at the hospital when she was ill with a kidney ailment. Despite the rhapsody of this romance, it broke up and the handsome matador married an Italian movie star.

Such affinity and proximity has Ava to the world of bull fighting

The qualities that make women envious.



A recent Ava at a Honolulu stopover. Her clothes are woven by master craftsme



No one can predict the next chapter in the saga of Ava Gardner; she, probably least of all. There is in this woman a driving force that seems to lack definition. There is quixotic quality in her that battles windmills that can be damaging to the heart, the spirit and the body. All in the name of fun, adventure and danger. She is a woman of experiment in all areas and alongside her beauty, it is one of the secrets of her immense desirability.

Her true capacity to love is really unproven and is not validated by international shenanigans, transcontinental phone calls and overseas letters. She wants affection, but can she truly give in kind? Some offer the cliche that Ava is denied the normal life by her stardom and international fame and publicity, that she really wants and dreams of the simpler phases of life.

Others say that if Ava dreams, it is of bigger bulls and bull fighters, of continuing to make the capitals of the world her playground and the men who populate them her courtiers. And most of all to ward off the inching, corrosion of time.

And as long as there are enough camp followers, lovers, hangers-on, etc. in her entourage to shout an encouraging "Ole", the chances are that Ava will go on her mad, merry exciting way.

The face build by the God of love, Ava, the body, that tames leopards. In "The Barefoot Contessa," released in 1954.



GRAN

ALS

For many men, confined to our penal institutions, the thing most missed from their lives is sex. Modern prisons provide their inmates with movies, books, radios, TV and numerous recreational facilities—and in some cases, even marital relations are permitted!

TOO



Marital relations are now possible for Alaskan prisoners under the terms of a bill that has just passed both legislative houses in our 49th State. This action is unprecedented in contemporary America but it is a time-honored principle in many lands and through-out history. Imprisonment as punishment has not always meant deprivation of the comforts of natural human relations. Odd as the concept may seem to many Americans, the weight of important authorities is in favor of making incarceration itself the punishment, and not adding the unnatural strains of celebacy to the many strains, inevitable to a life of confinement.

Countries That Permit Family Visits

On this very continent, Mexico, our neighbor to the south, for more than thirty years has permitted wives to spend the night with their prisoner husbands. The arrangements depend on the size of the prison and the burden of visiting families. The ideal that is established by law is that prisoners who have not lost the privilege by misbehavior are premitted visits with their entire family. That is, the wife arrives with the children and is given shelter within the prison itself. The husband is moved to this family area for the duration of the visit. The children have the advantage of their father's presence at meals and in long hours between meals. At night, the children are put to sleep and the husband and wife can resume their normal living for a few golden hours. A number of the countries in South America have the same arrangement for those prisoners whose behavior can earn this privilege. The reasoning is that the state is not the loser by the few hours of comfort the prisoners are given. The prisoners themselves have a stronger motive for good behavior, and are less of a problem to the guards when their personal needs are provided for. These nations see the importance of keeping some continuity between the man's life while in prison and when he will finally return to the community. The children remain accustomed to the father's place in the family and he does not find himself a stranger to his own flesh and blood when his sentence is ended. The authorities have found that the bitterness that often causes first offenders to become hardened law-breakers does not develop if the man is permitted to keep this intimate relationship with his family. It used to be that a man would





bitterly sulk in his cell at night, planning more dreadful crimes and wild schemes of vengeance as he lay awake, emotionally starved and subject to all sorts of jealous fantasies. Now, it is reported by the prison psychologists in these countries that men concentrate instead on the fact they will soon be seeing their wives again, soon be holding them in their arms. Instead of bitterness against society, they feel a gratitude that the punishment imposed has been made merciful by this contact with their families.

Parallels in Other Types of Institutions

In this age of research and experiment, many ancient ideas and principles have been tested and found inaccurate. Through the ages mental hospitals have been places of the most rigid confinement. If a person was admitted to a mental hospital, immediately all contact with the outside world was cut down to the few permitted visits and the occasional letters. Today, most mental institutions make provisions for home visits and week-end leave for those patients who can be trusted with the opportunity for normal living. More and more of the patients, as they recover from the worst of their breakdowns, are given time away from the institution. First a few hours with a relation to stroll, go to a movie, or even shopping. Then, as progress continues, a full day, from breakfast to dinner is allowed. The next step permits an overnight visit to the family. It has been found that these visits actually speed the recovery and help the adjustment when the individual is finally judge fit to return to society on a full-time basis.

Imprisonment as Punishment or Deterrent

The concept of imprisonment as punishment has altered greatly in the thousands of years since civilized man first used it against the criminal. The idea of a prison term as punishment is relatively new. In ancient times criminals were punished by the most direct methods conceivable. A thief had his thieving hand cut off. A greater thief might lose his hand and an ear so that the world might know him for a robber. A serious enough crime (and in England even stealing a dime's worth of bread was considered a capital offense) was punished by execution. Incarceration was merely a stage while awaiting trial, or while awaiting whatever punishment had been the will of the court. Prisoners might be sentenced to the galleys; that is, the punishment was not confinement, but the use



Alaska is one state which allows wives to visit prisoner-husbands.

of their physical strength for the good of the state, as in the chain-gangs in some Southern states even today. Caesare Beccaria, the first modern penologist tried to bring reason into the confused thinking about sentence and punishment. He pointed out that the chief aim of punishment should not be society's attempt to avenge itself on the individual who had committed the crime, but by punishing him to deter others from commiting future crimes. This was the first great advance that started the important clarification of penology in modern times. The process of understanding the goals and techniques of punishment for the benefit of society instead of an act of vengeance was a slow one. Even today the cry is sometimes heard that we mustn't coddle our criminals.

Imprisonment Itself is Punishment

Modern thinking can be summed up in the sentence: Criminals are sent to prison as punishment, not to be punished. That is, once the criminal is incarcerated, the severity of the conditions under which he lives has nothing to do with the sentence. The punishment is the length of the sentence and there is no requirement to make the incarceration painful. The deprivation of freedom is the suffering. If the prisoner is permitted to lead as normal a life as possible while in prison, this is not contrary to his sentence but the fulfillment of the sentence. Under modern penology it has been found that the more normal and na-

tural the life of prisoners while in prison, the better their adjustment to society when their sentence ends. That this is a thoroughly scientific fact is proved by the recent decision to allow even prisoners at Alcatraz to have weekly movies. The standard of prison food has risen so that it is generally, in each state, equal to the level of meals in other state institutions, such as hospitals. Federal prisons and the better state prisons attempt to provide adequate wholesome nourishment, movies, books, radios, TV, and recreation facilities for prisoners who do not forfeit their good behavior privileges. Again, the emphasis is on making the incarceration as much like free society as in consistent with maintaining prison security and avoiding riots or escapes.

Sex in Prison

No important student of penology has failed to refer to the one inescapable abnormality of prison life. Normal heterosexual relations have generally been impossible in Western prison systems. Sexologists who have investigated the problem have unanimously reported that this artificial and unnatural tension may be one of the most serious reasons for the maladjustment of prison inmates. Magnus Hirschfeld, one of the founders of sexology as a science, began campaigning in 1898 for a more enlightened attitude toward the sexual needs of prisoners. His firsthand



investigations produced such facts as the pathetic use of dummy figures made up to resemble women, the widest spread of homosexual activity, and physiological breakdowns from the salt-peter used in the attempt to lessen sexual appetites among the inmates. Robert Lindner, in Rebel without a Cause, quotes the unbelievable loveletters written by men to men, in their desperate sexual loneliness. The point is repeatedly made by warden after warden and prison psychologist after prison psychologist that these are not genuine homosexuals but men whose needs have been shaped by their deprivations. Is it really the purpose of society and its prison authorities to turn normal men into homosexuals? To add that problem to the other problems these men face when they are finally permitted to return to society?

The Blind Side of the Law

Not all American prisoners have been deprived of a lovelife. Consider Harry K. Thaw, the spoiled heir of millions who shot Stanford White because of previous relations with Evelyn Nesbit, Thaw's wife. The brilliant attorney who defended Thaw was the first to use the concept of not guilty by reason of insanity. It won for Thaw a long incarceration at Mattewan, the state institution for the criminally insance. In the Thirties, when Thaw was appealing for release, as finally sane, it was brought out that for years he had been taking weekend visits to New York, seeing shows, staying at luxurious hotels, and having female companionship for the night. Thaw's great wealth and influential friends had managed to bribe penal staffs. He did not take these joy-trips alone, but was accompanied by three or four officials of the institution, who shared the limousine ride to town, enjoyed the shows, and enjoyed the orgies at the hotel afterwards. More recently, it was revealed that bookmakers and other king-pins of the underworld when incarcerated at city institutions, could get an evening on the town, with all the trimmings by bribing enough of the jail staff. Riker's Island figured prominently in these scandals that lasted into the early 50s One underworld czar of the top ranks was unfortunately confined for several months, without bail, while awaiting trial. His highly paid legal staff was ordered to find a way to get him some relief in his predicament. The legal staff



came up with the solution though it involved very sizable bribes to a number of institutional officials. The gimmick was that an inmate could have a private conference with his attorney. Private usually meant out of earshot, but in sight of, jail guards. For this kingpin the rules were changed a little. He was given the privilege of a private room. His attorney, on this occasion was a beautiful red-head who seemed too young to have finished college, let alone law school as well. But the admission register signed her in as an attorney, the guard checked her into the room that had been set aside for the conference. Another guard checked this underworld giant into the same room a few minutes later. The conference room door just happened to swing shut. No one bothered to open it. The conference lasted more than forty minutes The stunning young lady lawyer emerged flushed and smiling. The imprisoned mastermind of the underworld emerged with a broad grin and a sweatstained prison shirt. Two other lady attorneys, equally beautiful and equally young, visited the man in the next two weeks, before his trial was held.

Conclusions

If the Alaskan legislature is upheld in this pioneering act, American penology will have taken a giant step forward. The divorce laws of all but six states permit conviction of a felony as grounds for divorce. Obviously one serious reason for this is the fact that the wife, as the husband, must lead an abnormal sex life if she remains faithful to him during his absence. The provision for overnight visits would alter this aspect of the problem, and preserve many homes otherwise broken by the additional strains of celibacy during the man's sentence. Everything points toward the universal adoption of this humane and realistic law in other states. Only the ancient and futile idea that the criminal must be made to suffer while incarcerated is against the concept. Whipping criminals or working them fourteen and sixteen hours a day is regarded as barbaric cruelty by modern society. Surely the next step is to remove one more unnecessary punishment, and allow the married man the healthy and socially useful exercise of his marital rights.



SUZY SIZZLED PIERRE PLAYED and the WORLD CAME APART

WHILE SUZY PARKER AND HER HUSBAND, PIERRE DE LA SALLE, VEHEMENTLY DENIED THE RUMORS OF THEIR BREAK-UP, EACH CONTINUED TO SHUN THE COMPANY OF THE OTHER. IN FACT, THEY BOTH WERE LIVING IT UP ON THE SIDE. SOMETHING WAS BOUND TO GIVE



Suzy was having a ball with her partner at the night club. Count Pierre de la Salle, her husband, was having a ball with his partner at the night club. Since the night clubs were four thousand miles apart, the Count, in Paris, didn't have to worry about Suzy, in New York, catching him at his fun. Of course, that goes the other way, too. Suzy could live it up happily, secure in the fact that her husband was (a) on another continent, and (b) too busy with his affairs to work up any interest in her affairs.

That was as it should be, of course. The world didn't know it at the time — and the principles, for some reason or other, went out of their way to deny it — but Suzy and Pierre were long on the road toward divorce. And it seems that whatever Suzy does in private life, it's always secretive. Her marriage was unknown for a long time, just as plans for her divorce had been kept clandestine until Suzy returned to New York and called a press conference to announce them in May.

The Principle of The Iceberg

Lots of proverbs tell us that where there is smoke there is fire. Lacking clairvoyance or extra sensory perception, most people accept the wisdom of the race and do the best they can with circumstantial evidence. To put it another way, every one has heard that the part of the iceberg visible above the surface is only one tenth of the enormous hidden bulk. When you see a girl kissing a man in public, you can dismiss it by saying that one swallow doesn't make a summer. Or you can wonder how much of the iceberg is concealed from public view. Suzy kisses in public. Some observers describe it as being the sort of kiss that ought to be reserved for private occasions, even with a husband. With Suzy it didn't happen to be her husband. The evening had started with hand-holding on such reasonable occasions as the gallant escort guiding his attractive companion past the crowd



that surged at the entrance to the night club, or when leading her to the dance floor. The conventions of the modern dance permit intimate contacts that would have comprised a girl or even constituted a betrothal in less advanced times. It is therefore unfair to draw any conclusions from the entwinings and contiguousness that occurred during the long evening of dancing. Later on it became obvious that hand-holding was habit-forming. The graceful hand that was part of the model's stock-in-trade, lifted itself, seemingly of its own accord, and met the strong hand that was coming to meet it, as if pre-arranged, across the heavy white damask cloth. The fingers stayed link-

Suzy's divorce from husband Pierre de la Salle was a well-hidden secret



ed while Suzy and her escort managed to work away at their drinks and food with one hand each. This time when they stood up with one accord, to dance, the linked hands held them together until the beat of the merengue locked them in the most private contact permitted in public.

When The Lights Are Low

The hands didn't part again; not even on the way back to the table. Not even when the next dance called for independent action. They just sat that one out, with the hands playing an intricate game of their own, clutching, releasing, spanning wrists, cupping knuckles,

until the model-turned-actress arrived in New York City this year.





Eight-month old daughter Georgia Belle brings smile to mama's face.

pressing five fingertips against five fingertips, and then interlocking down to a long kiss of the palms. The only dances they danced were the older ballroom dances that depended on embracing partners; or the modern dances, like the merenque that accentuated the embrace, At other times they were content to sit at their table, looking into each other's eyes, and holding hands. The drinks were occasionally replenished; and slowly emptied as the mood music, the dances and the hand-holding visibly affected the emotional state of the attractive model and her handsome escort. Other groups and couples came and went; danced, dined and moved on to other clubs or other interests. This couple did not seem interested in trying new places, seeking new sights. Friends and acquaintances dropped by to chat, and invariably wandered off after a very brief exchange of greetings. The atmosphere at that small table was building its own wall against intrusion. The wall, being a matter of mood was not opaque. It did not shut the engrossed couple away from the eyes of the other guests at the night club. When a hand moved along from the smooth wrist and caressed the firm rounded sweet flesh of the arm, it was visible to passersby who had no intention of intruding on their privacy. It couldn't be helped that this private behavior was taking place in public. The discreet fellow-diners could ignore commenting on what they saw. It was more difficult to avoid an internal embarassment as the spectacle increased in intensity. Near closing time, Suzy and her escort came awake to their surroundings. The hands parted while he helped her gather her things. At the cloakroom, the hands that had joined for the brief journey, parted again while he gallantly held her coat for her. That polite gesture was converted into the hug of an embrace. Suzy whirled; her arms flew about the young man's neck. Her lips lifted to his. In the lobby of a club that was far from empty, before the eyes of patrons arriving and departing, before the professionally frozen expressions of cloakroom attendants, floor captains, doormen and miscellaneous personnel, the embrace grew more and more ardent. The kiss was prolonged as Suzy clung to her escort, pressed against him more firmly than in any of the dances they had shared. The moments passed. The head waiter cleared his throat in as broad a signal as a discreet man of the world could permit himself. Suzy was oblivious to the sound, oblivious to the setting, oblivious to the fact that this was no behavior for a maried woman, even if there were repeated rumors of an imminent divorce. The young man was gallant; no gallant man is the first to break off an embrace. The tableau lasted through an interval that was timeless to the principals, but embarrassingly long to the bystanders. At that hour, the Parisian night clubs were opening. At that very moment, perhaps, Count Pierre de la Salle was escorting a vivacious young Frenchwoman to their table, having, perhaps, denied to a reporter a moment before that he and Suzy had any ideas of splitting.

THE YOUNG HITLER

To understand the man, you must go back to the youth. This is an old and proven maxim of psychology. Perhaps the most fascinating personality of our time was Adolf Hitler whose youth gives us many clues to his sick nature.

Adolph Hitler along with being responsible for the worst bloodbath in history, World War II, was directly responsible for the ruthless elimination of hundreds of thousands of "unfit" among Germans and other peoples.

The laws that Hitler devised for this social butchery, combining in a peculiar way lip service to traditional Roman law and a descent into the ways of the caveman, should without question have qualified

Hitler himself for a trip to the execution block.

Because all the evidence, admittedly scarce though it is, points to the fact that Hitler was the embodiment of sexual corruption and degeneracy from his youth on — — long before he came into power!

The records speak of sexual practices that ranged from one un-

natural act to another. They have a peculiar history.

When Hitler bloodied his way to power as dictator of Germany his first orders were to track down and destroy every shred of evidence of his perverted past. Not just papers and documents were destroyed, or pages off the police blotters of several Austrian and German police stations. People as well were destroyed.

Silenced forever were a number of his companions who had seen Hitler indulge in such acts of youthful degeneracy as accosting, while bravely drunk and coyly reckless, homeless veterans with offers of a night's lodging at a price which turned out to be homo orgies.

Not one of them escaped Hitler's liquidation net.

There was the landlord of the Viennese slum rooming house who had objected when the hovel was turned into a studio for grotesque drawings of perverted sex orgies from life—he had to be silenced, and was, by death.

Every possible witness to Hitler's depredations in his youth was hunted down relentlessly by the Gestapo—and never heard from again.



The police blotters of Austrian districts through which Hitler had wandered as a criminal delinquent were combed for arrest entries. Pages were ripped out, dossier cards shredded and burned.

A few lucky individuals from Hitler's past escaped the ruthless net. Their testimony is a grim, overwhelming indictment. Reinhold Hansich, Joseph Greiner, August Kubizek and a number of Viennese acquaintances who were interviewed by Konrad Heiden before Hitler's goon squads got to them, have given details of the orgies witnessed and of Hitler's bragging confessions of depravity. They have given up photos, personal letters, diary entries that they preserved at great personal danger, so that some day the record can be completed.

One of Hitler's earliest recorded abnormal acts, not too serious for a boy of twelve, but showing which way the wind would drift, was that of a Peeping Tom. Adolph had been caught stooping behind the girls' abort (outhouse), peeping through a hole in the boards he had carved. He was seen masturbating im helle Tage (in broad daylight). The record of this incident is recorded in the old fashioned script of the provincial Austrian school teacher who saw it. The facts

are spelled out with a feeling of utter disgust.

At fifteen, when Kubizek first met him, young Adolph had become a visitor of the local opera house. With admirable hunger for culture, Hitler used to spend his few cents on SRO only, Kubizek reported. The policeman assigned to the theatre adds a touch to the picture of the pure music lover image. In Kubizek's words, "After three warnings the policeman arrested young Adolph for disorderly loitering at the window of the chorus dressing rooms. He had exposed himself." (The charge in German was, "er war enthasst.") Three years had not changed his pattern of solitary abuse while violating the privacy of unsuspecting females.



Hanisch proved this sick kick still dominated Hitler four years later, or at age nineteen. On a tramp's tour of Sudeten Germany, Hitler and Hanisch, a Sudeten and professional tramp, sought shelter one night with a farm couple. Hinisch woke past midnight to see Adolph kneeling at a keyhole into the hosts' bedroom, vainly trying to bring himself to an orgasm. His staring eyes, gaping mouth, awkward position all struck Hanisch as echt komisch (truly funny).

This was the boy who was father to the man who later ruled the

destinies of 80 million people!

Did the young Hitler have normal outlets for his sexual appetites? The first girl he tried to date was named Stefanie, two years older and a good deal more sophisticated. On Hitler's side the love lasted for nearly four years. He was jealous and imperiously demanded that Stefanie date no one else.

Stefanie laughed at him—and dated as merrily as she pleased. Hitler's revenge was typical of his perverted attitude toward sex. He wrote sadistic poems visualizing her as a bold Valkyrie on a white steed, long blonde tresses streaming behind her as she rode through a spring-time meadow. The bold Hitler (in poetic fancy only) rose from the ground to confront her—and dragging her from the horse

sated his lust with her in grovelling acts of self-degradation.

This was a repeated pattern of sick sexual fulfillment in Hitler's life. Voyeuristic mastubation remained with him even into his years of power. Similarly, there are repeated accounts of his need for humiliating acts of enslavement to women. His own niece committed suicide after one such scene. She was young and adored her uncle, the savior of the German race. He came to her during the night. Her personal scruples about their blood-relationship, her feminine virginal fears and hesitations were all put aside. This was history's greatest man—she would belong to him if it gave him even a moment's comfort in his lonely responsibility for the fate of the nation,

Below: Adolf strolls with Eva Braun. Opposite page, top: Hitler, (left) as a corporal in Austrian Army during World War I; center: he poses again (far left) with buddies' "Crash Band"; bottom: found among Hitler's effects was wedding portrait, of Adolf and Eva or Evas sister.









Hitler, Goering and Goebbels formed nucleus of Nazi party. This may be the last photo taken of Hitler. It was found among Eva Braun's personal effects amidst Berlin rubble.



What happened in that room is accurately known. Hitler had followed his usual pattern of gratification. As Putzi Haengstangl had said two years earlier, "Once his clothes were off, Hitler was absolutely no use to a woman." The years of perverted fantastic indulgence had burned out any capacity for a normal response. Only acts of the most revolting degradation could arouse his jaded emotions.

This is what he wanted from his virgin niece.

He knelt at her feet and whispered vile, degrading obscenities that swelled in him with the pubic force of a snake in sexual heat. The evidence shows that, far from being mere whispers, his voice had the passion and hypnotic edge that later would sway thousands. In the end, he forced her to obey his incestuous and un-natural lust.

She killed herself when he left.

In his Vienna days before the first World War, sex gratification was a rampant, uncontrollable torrent. The decadent Austro-Hungarian empire sensed its impending doom, and was determined to go down in a Mephisto waltz of giddiness and self-indulgence.

Money was important only if you wanted the best. Hitler, without money, could have any brand of abnormality he wanted—bargain basement-quality. In the expensive cafes, elegant women sipped their demi-tasses waiting for a cavalier to rent their talents for the hour or night. Equally elegant young men smoked their perfumed cigarettes with languid boredom, waiting for a cavalier to rent their charms and services by the hour or night.

Hitler walked past these cafes, feeding his envy and his keen hunger for wild sexual indulgence. He could not hire any of the beauties, male or female, but he could go back to the busdepots, the train terminals, or the famous Prater park and find some damaged, low-grade substitutes. The dirtier the substitutes, the more he hated the rich and powerful and the keener, the more poignant his degraded pleasure.

The beginning of his homosexual interests can be pinpointed within a few formative months. Stefanie his first love, proved unattainable. Hitler never forgot her. He used her as a standard of comparison in later years when he complimented a great German opera singer by telling her she was as pure a German type as "my Stefanie."

Perhaps if Stefanie had looked with more favor upon him, Hitler could have given up some of his more revolting sexual interests. As it was, when she finally rejected him and married an Army lieutenant, Hitler relieved himself with an outbreak of furious obscenity about the man. His friends trembled to hear Hitler specify the sexual and scatological humiliations to which he would subject his successful rival. Years later, Hitler in power was still despising officers as if they represented this ancient rival, and still uttering gutter obscenities about them and their acts.

The psychoanalysts are familiar with this process. Stefanie's rejection caused a transformation of the love-object in Hitler's injured libido. It occurs to some individuals of either sex when they have suffered a serious trauma (wound) to their libido (love-capacity). To restore their self-respect they take the neurotic course of deciding the opposite sex is to blame for their deep hurt. Instead of adjusting to the loss, as with better-balanced persons, they make a violent clean-sweep and reject the whole opposite sex. That, inevitably, releases any latent tendencies toward homosexuality.

Many things about Hitler's upbringing, his stern father, his overindulgent mother, his lack of success with girls, his preference for





Hitler salutes his best troops as they paraded in 1938. Nazi leader was at his most raucous during speechmaking.

voyeurism in unsavory surroundings, could all be judged as signs of a latent homosexual tendency. Haengstangl (affectionately known as Putzi), Heiden, General Roehm (executed on Hitler's orders for flagrant homosexual behavior), Otto Strasser and others have said that Hitler was a mixture of homosexual and heterosexual. These ambisextrous individuals need only one traumatic experience with the opposite sex to throw themselves into a furious orgy of homosexual enjoyment—exactly as if they were trying to blur the memory of the heterosexual rejection by a hundred homosexual episodes.

Hitler admired military power. He hated the officer class. These two facts point to the very road he took. Hitler turned to cruising the rough trade. Vienna, the gay capital city of the empire was constantly filled with soldiers and sailors in gaudy dress uniforms.

Certain areas of the Prater were traditionally restricted for homosexuals. The soldiers who welcomed such attention or couldn't afford the low-price park whores, strolled these paths. Hitler had to get himself drunk on cheap schnapps before he could cruise.











(1) Hermann Goering, Minister of German Air Force.
(2) Count Kelldorf, Potsdam Prefect of Police.
(3) Dr. Joseph Goebbels, propaganda director.
(4) This Berchtesgaden resort was to be Hitler's last hideout.
(5) A concentration camp where thousands were slaughtered.







1934 shot shows Hitler at head of Storm Troopers. The skinny man: Goebbels. The fat man: Goerring.



Cruise he did, after downing small rivulets of drink and his own large store of fear of violent fisty refection. Usually the homo instinct for a right pick led him to some **lumpen** soldier or sailor who'd join him. On officer bait he was more cautious; too many times he had to face, if not rejection, then something even more threatening to his shaky belief in his prowess as a partner; an inability to feel on equal terms with the officer caste.

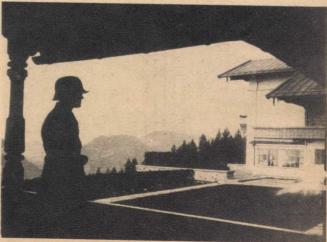
With his rise to power came his passion for revenge on a whole-some level. Now the former child peeper, the rejected lover of his pure Stefanie, the kneeling masturbator who peeped at a pleasant couple in the simple act of sleeping, the sadistic poet, the incestuous uncle who caused his niece's death, the homo prowler of Vienna's Prater all swelled in him to produce a monomaniac whose sole aim was to gorge himself on blood and death.

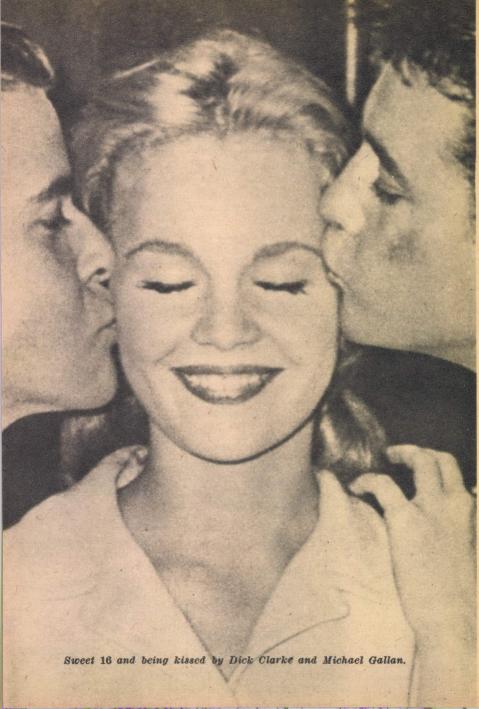
To the last Adolph Hitler couldn't see past the fantasy—and vile reality—of his early depravities. They haunted him in his war battles. battles which he led, typically, from retreats usually hundreds of kilometers distant from the fighting fronts. They haunted him in the hurricane stew of depraved sex that was his Berlin bunker, in the last days of impending doom. They haunted him in that acme moment of blood lust and ignominious revenge, that moment when he ordered the flooding of the Berlin subways, which led to ratty, atavistic, watery death for thousands of Berlin citizens—the crippled as well as the whole.

Hitler's youthful depravities led finally and ignominously to his own suicide in that same Berlin bunker of doom—a poisonous fount that claimed millions of dead and is not yet bone dry to this day.

THE END

Sentry guards Berghof mountain retreat.





HOW TUESDAY WELD

JUGGES

HER BOYFRIENDS

AT 16, SHE'S LEARNED A LOT ABOUT BASIC DATING—KEEP THE BOYS APART. BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND KITTENS, LIKE TUESDAY, OFTEN GO ASTRAY AND WHEN BOYFRIEND B SHOWED UP ON BOYFRIEND A'S DATE NIGHT, THERE WAS A FUROR THAT SET ALL OF HOLLYWOOD'S TEEN SET AGOG.







No girl wants to be known as a has-been at the ripe age of 16. Tuesday Weld is still young and attractive, but the entertainment world is so fickle that understandably she must make the best use of her period of popularity. Popularity can create problems. A girl may find herself dating various men who each thinks he has an exclusive franchise. Not that the sweet child wanted them to get that impression, but men are such conclusion jumpers. Just because a girl responds actively to a high-calibre brand of woo, the man gets the idea it is himself rather than the occupation that she is enjoying so fervently. Tuesday is as bright as the next charmer. She knows the elementary principle that happy loving, living that is, requires a very accurate date book. You just never sign up two of your admires for the same time and place; especially not if each of them feels very strongly that he has protected territory rights to certain aspects of the situation. It wasn't the slick chick's fault at all the beaufriends learned of each other's progress with her. Tuesday didn't ever make the error of letting one of them see her with the other.

The House Party

What happened was the sort of thing you expect in a small community like Hollywood, where every one knows every one else. Tuesday was invited to this houseparty that promised a lot of colorful action. How was she to know that the host had invited Boyfriend A and Boyfriend B? When Tuesday arrived (not after midnight on Monday, as the obvious gag might go) stylishly late, only one of the boys was there. He saw his pet girl and moved in with the speed and assurance that previous private dates called for. Tuesday was delighted. She made no effort to chill her playmate. This was going to be a colorful evening. Tuesday had been to the swank home before. She knew the rules of the house permitted the quiet use of remote bedrooms for amiable feats of mild amorous amusement. Based on the situation as it was then, she made thesensible decision to share her plan with Boyfriend A. Like the most, man. He bought it in a big way. The place was set, and the script for the action pretty well agreed on. The time to make the scene was left open. No sense being ostentatious and breaking for the bedroom

before the party was swinging. Give it a little time; let some of the others wander off for a cozy twosome, and return starry-eyed, blinking at the strong lights. Meanwhile, the plot was, circulate and mix; get a little career advantage by showing the personality and talents to the big-shots present. That's the way progress is made; business first and pleasure later.

Enter Second Boyfriend

Before the rendezvous time arrived, Tuesday was dealt the foul blow of having her second most active boyfriend turn up. Boyfriend B had not really intended to cover the party at all. He had called Tuesday's home to ask about a long drive to one of the petting pastures. He was a bright lad who could think on his feet. He was glad to get the news that his teen-age doll could be located at a party to which, by good luck, he also had an invitation. Unlike the first lad, he didn't come to see who was there; he came for his Tuesday. Tuesday was dancing with an older man. Old enough to be her grandfather, but young enough to help her career, if he wanted to. Tuesday was helping him decide to want to. Her fine eyes were looking so deeply into his that she never knew Boyfriend B had arrived until he attempted to cut in. Tuesday, at sixteen, has had plenty of opportunities to cope with emergencies created by the unexpected appearance of men who have a gleam in their eye. She was warmly delighted to see Boyfriend B. The way she excused herself to the mature man didn't hurt her standing with that Hollywood big-shot at all. Tuesday was really doing fine. She hadn't the slightest worry that two at a big party were going to cause a dilemma. Dancing with the newly arrived beau she confided in him that she was just thrilled that he had turned up. She spicified some possibilities of the situation, not failing to mention the remote bedrooms, and the fact the host was broad-minded about the way his guests entertained themselves. Then, with the prettiest conspiratorial face, she suggested that they play it cool and not call attention to themselves by too much public hand-holding before rendezvous time.

The Heckler Ruins the Juggling Act

Having taken care of that front, Tuesday managed to get a few private seconds with Boyfriend A. She renewed all thep romises that had been made earlier referred to the

Welding a romance with Rick Nelson.

Portrait of a star-gazing blonde









fact that a notorious gossip-hound was present, and asked her boy to protect their project by circulating separately until the zero hour. Tuesday had a right to feel she was doing fine. The two boyfriends would stay tranquil until their separate dates; she would be able to circulate and establish new and better contacts with people that counted. Best of all, she could look forward to a long, long evening of unflagging love-making. Even Napoleon overlooked the sunken road at Waterloo, and met disaster. Tuesday was truly at her best that evening. She radiated personality and scintillated charm so that a rather important man decided he had ignored her acting abilities too long. Their conversation in a corner was noticed by Boyfriend A. It disturbed him; Tuesday was too intent, he feared, to remember their approaching rendezvous. Irritated with the party, he was working his way near the corner, so he could catch her eve. Boyfriend B was steaming a little too. For the same reasons. Besides, he knew that this important gentleman had once had a Lolita complex. You get the picture, two admirers worked up about the way their one girl is carrying on with a third man, are converging toward the same spot. At that, it might not have come to blows. Men don't stop to ask each other at a party what they are glowering about or what girl they are waiting for. But the gossip-hound, perhaps hungry to create news where there wasn't any, stopped them with a phrase as they were passing. "In about ten minutes that sweet-looking little girl will lead him toward the sleeping quarters of this palatial mansion." That was when things hit the fan. Boyfriend B asked belligerently, "What the hell do you mean?" The gossip-specialist shrugged his shoulders. Before he could answer, Boyfriend A asked Boyfriend B. "What the hell is it to you what he means, I'll ask him what he means; she's my date." The columnist smelled the gasoline and threw a lighted match. "He's first, boys; all you have to do is settle who's second." Logic would have called for their combining forces to teach the columnist. manners. He was way ahead of them. The moment he threw the match into the gasoline he disappeared into a big group of cheerfully chatting ladies and gentlemen. A

A glamorous Tuesday takes in the night club set.

and B stood their with their emotions ignited; and the one solid fact that they both thought they were Tuesday's preferred date. It could have happened lots of different ways, but actually, B said, "You the square that's too dumb to know she's brushing you off?" A resented the implication, the lack of finesse and the proprietory tone. He resented it with a shove. B resented the shove; he resented it with a fist to A's snarling mouth. Everybody gathered for a ringside position. Tuesday didn't have to explain she was entitled to a favored spot since it was in her honor. The celebrities recognized the fact and made way for her. Tuesday reached the front ranks in time to see a few teeth come flying. The gladiator who had landed tl : solid punch turned for a smile from his fair lady. The boyfriend who had lost the teeth was ungentlemanly enough to land a right on the man's eye. A very substantial right that closed the eye in a second. Tuesday crooned a little note of admiration. That was all the encouragement the boys needed. They dedicated themselves to relentless mayhem in the name of love. The blows were fiercer, if less accurate. The one-eyed champ took a solid left to his other eye, trying for a face-blow of his own. A voice said at Tuesday's ear. "They don't do too badly as prelim boys, but they won't have anything new to show in the next round. You really set on watching this, or could we go somewhere quiet and discuss more significant matters?" Tuesday looked at A and B. They were evenly matched and equally tiring. The best part of the show was over. Besides, after a few minutes they might even stop to wonder what it was all about. Nothing useful could come of her being there to be cross-examined and confused with very private questions right out in public. The important gentleman had an excellent point. She had seen the best of this show; the bloodshed had been nicely stimulating to her emotions. Time to move on to better and more promising things. The brave gladiators, defending her honor, or their manhood, or something, continued to fight; the blase crowd continued to watch. The sweet cause of it all vanished, without advertising her journey to the rendezvous that neither of the boyfriends was in a condition to keep. Bloody brawl in the living room, and pleasant laughter in the backrooms. Good night, Tuesday, pleasant dreams.





Agnes Laurent has Paris as her playground. And the Frenchmen love it.

In the battle for men's hearts, the victory is not always a matter of dimensions. You know how judo enables the slender Japanese to outclass the slugging truck driver. We must open our minds and look past the impressive statistics, and think in terms of function and use.

Dimension-wise there is no doubt that the Italians have it all over the French. Even the sound of the Italian mammelle is more voluptuous than the French poitrine. From another angle, derriere has a piquancy, a pertness that is lacking in the Italian sedere.

So far a tie. Faces are faces: the smouldering promise in Italian eyes, and the calculating challenge in French eyes go with faces as adorable as the heart can hope for. Here no man can arbitrate — you like what you like.

This brings us to the ultimate question: Which has the most to offer when the cards are on the table, the chips down, or any other way of expressing the basic idea? Please do not think in terms of national stereotype jokes. The story of the young wife who returns the bed because the springs feed too fast can be told of a Michele as easily as of a Gina.

More serious testimony may be appealed to. Shakespeare made jokes about the visit to Italy that left men exhausted. But Villon ded-

Sophia doesn't need the Italian countryside to depict her natural beauty.

Isabelle Cory adds excitement to a French beach.





This fellow knows what he wants. And Mylene Demongeot has it.

icated a long poem to proving that there "is no tongue like the tongue of Parisiennes". That sounds like a stand-off again.

Consider the testimony of an expert Teutonic scholar who was given the assignment of evaluating the qualifications of European types for his noble employer in the good old days of the Nineteenth Century. Diligently he made the Grand Tour,

his trip around the world of European charms. The report to Duke Fritz von Heinrich can be summarized in two sentences: "His gracious highness should make use of Italian girls while his own ardor drives him with repetitive resilience. In later years, when his gracious highness is perhaps a little less quick on the trigger and would appreciate artful connoisseurship, let

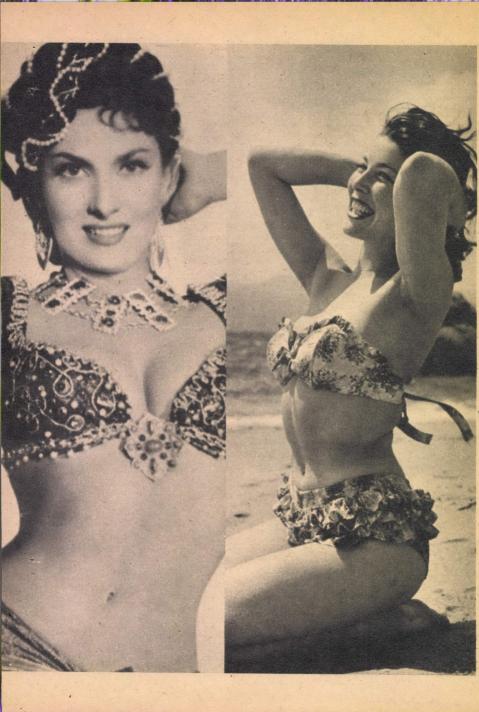


Whether the scene is of a barefoot peasant girl or a Harem dish, Gina is an enticing spectacle.

him surround himself with French girls."

Today, the battle rages on. Hollywood, long the land of fair-haired, long-stemmed, generously - proportioned beauties has been driven practically to extinction when it comes to the production of beauty, sex-wise that it. It all started with that girl with the difficult-to-pronounce name (but who cares), Gina

Lollobrigida. From the early postwar realism of Italian sex (e.g., Bitter Rice), foreign film makers have advanced to the likes of Love Is My Profession starring the current symbol of luscious feminity. Brigitte Bardot. And in the nude, if you please. Now whether Gina's heaving bosom or Brigitte's petite derriere hold more interest for you, we wouldn't begin to survey. It





Far left: lusty Gina Lollobrigida in the big stretch. Left: a real joy, Lise Bourdin, mingles with the sand and surf. Above: from her first role in Anna, Silvano Mangano became internationally famous.

may still be that you are clinging to the ancient arts — the ones which starred Marilyn Monroe and the like. If so, perhaps there is little for you to choose between French or Italian sex queens. Perhaps there is little to choose anyway, since a sex queen is a sex queen is a sex queen.

At any rate, the battle does rage

on Where it will wind up, no one, not even those high in the movie industry, dares venture to predict. one thing is sure: as long as the current competition exists between national beauties, there's bound to be more flesh than ever on local movie screens — and who cares whether it was nurtured from Sicilian or Bretagne grapes?

VERY MERRY AND TWICE AS MOODY

London police have strict orders to do everything to keep Sarah Churchill's name out of print. Not for her sake, of course, but for her famous father, Sir Winston Churchill. But sometimes, when Sarah is real gone, the cops can't reason with her and that's when the Churchill name is smeared across scandal sheets the world over.





A somber Winston behind his desk at number ten Downing Street pauses to reflect the recent escapades of his daughter.

"Drunk again, and resisting the police."

It sounds like the routine report on a slum-dweller who has never seen anything more than the narrow squalid world of the poor and the shiftless. Drunk again and fighting with a cabby; drunk again and creating a scene in a public place. This confirms the picture of the individual's background.

At the opposite end of the scale: a woman who has been a guest in the homes of royalty and the rulers and leaders of Western civilization. A woman who has lived at 10 Downing Street, home of the Prime Minister of England. She lived there because Winston Churchill is her father. It is pathetic and unbelievable that the boisterous, quarrelsome drunk and the daughter of the great man are on and the same person.

With the drunkenness goes a belligerent arrogance. Reeling and staggering she tells off the embarrassed bobbies in haughty tones. conscious of the fact that she is the bearer of a proud aristocratic name. The reasons for her public brawls are shamefully trivial. She assailed the poor London cabby with curses and threats because she insisted he was overcharging her a few pence for the ride. Cafe managers, greatly distressed by having to reprove the daughter of their heroic Winnie, always try to get her to leave quietly when it is evident that she has had too much to drink. The quiet request generally precipitates the noisy scene they had been trying to avoid.

Winston Churchill proudly wrote the biographies of his distinguished

A TV rehearsal the morning after her arrest for drunkenness.





ancestors like the great general, the Duke of Marlborough. This fine heritage carries a high degree of independence and self-reliance. In Winston Churchill this was shown in the great originality and brilliance with which he guided England through the darkest years of the Blitz. In his children, the same capacities took more anti-social manifestations.

Sarah Churchill first hit the news headlines in 1936 at 21 when she followed her lover from London to New York without her family's consent. The man was Vic Oliver, a vaudeville comedian who had met her during a London appearance. He returned to American and Sarah followed him, announcing to the reporters who met the ship that they were going to be married. Vic protested that was the first he had heard of it. He quickly clammed up and refused to elaborate on the conflicting stories.

Then Sarah's brother, Randolph, arrived on the next ship from England and promptly told reporters that a statement would be issued later from the office of the American attorneys for the Churchill family. The statement, when it was finally forthcoming, said there was no engagement and that Sarah was going back home with Randolph. Instead Sarah and Vic were married shortly afterwards. They were divorced in 1945, after Sarah had started her theatrical career and had served with distinction throughout the war in the Woman's Auxili-

Sarah at a Hollywood studio in 1957.
Bobby checks crowd outside court where Sarah appeared after drinking spree.





ary to the Royal Air Force. Her pursuit of the man she loved tipped off the public to what her friends already knew. Sarah Churchill was a strong-willed, headstrong girl whe defied convention and public opinion in seeking her own road to happiness.

Society photographers have a strange fascination for British society women. As witness Anthony Armstrong Jones' recent courtship and marriage to Princess Margaret. Sarah Churchill met a stylish society photographer named Beauchamp and married him. The internal stresses of their life together never became public. In 1957 Beauchamp commited suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping pills.

The shock of this tragedy on Sarah was immediately evident to her friends and family. The first open sign that something was wrong with her self-discipline came a few months later when she was arrested in Malibu, California, in January, 1958; she pleaded guilty of being drunk in a public place and paid a

\$50 fine.

From then on events began to snowball. Liverpool, London, Los Angeles and London again: the arrests for drunk and disorderly conduct mounted wherever she was staying. In England every attempt was made to cover up for her, for her father's sake if not her own. Each arrest therefore represents a situation so far out of control that there was no alternative but to arrest her. This explains why the reports of the arrest usually specify she had to be brought to court or to fail by three or four policemen as she fought and abused them. If she could be reasoned with at all, the secret instructions were tactfully to get her home and keep the incident from becoming a matter of police record.

Movie celebrities are part of the international set that is as much at home in London, Rome and Paris as in New York and Hollywood. One advantage of travel is that it is occasionally necessary to go without the devoted spouse. William



Holden turned up in London without his wife and made a great impression on Sarah Churchill before he knew anything about it.

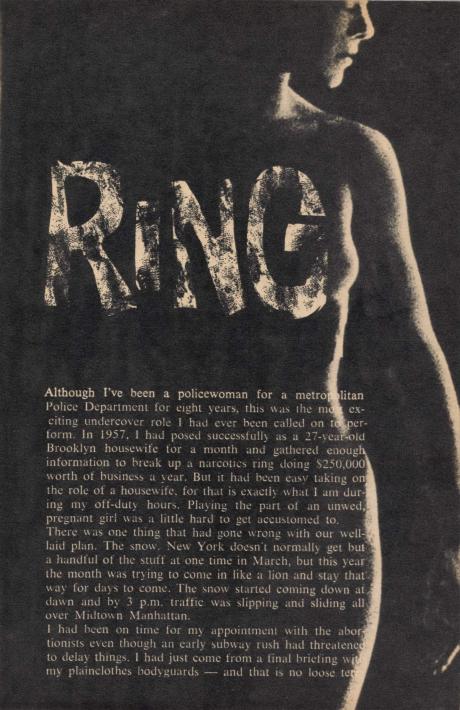
Sarah, the independent type, did not wait to be wooed. She took steps to make it perfectly clear to the handsome American film star that she thought he was wonderful: that she would be interested in getting better acquainted. London night club patrons began to see the two of them as a couple night after night. Sarah made no attempt to conceal her affection. The excitement in her manner and the shine in her eyes showed that she had found something more interesting than the blind-alley fun of belting the bottle. She doted on him as they chatted; she clung to him as they danced, and she walked with the spirited step of a woman in love when they left the night club for destination unknown.

Whether her present way of life is a reaction to the tragic end of her second marriage, or the peculiar shemical flare-up that sometimes

hits women in their middle forties. the facts are plain: Sarah Churchill is out to have fun. Neither the distress it brings to her revered father nor the code of English wellbred society seem important enough to keep Sarah from drinking until she is a public scandal. Her erratic theatrical career had a few mild triumphs in the past, but it seems too unimportant to keep her sober enough to be a good risk for a casting director to hire. The fun she sees in an occasional man seems too important for her to care whether he is married or single. She pursues without waiting to be pursued. Her driving hungers she alone can know. The headlines or the absence of headlines will be the only way we will know if the hunger still controls her regardless of conventions and good taste, or whether the daughter of a great man has found within herself the strength to salvage her life and live according to her noble heredity.



"When I called my 'contact', I used the code she had taught me to use over a telephone. I said I wanted 12 pairs of nylons which meant I was 12 weeks pregnant. I reminded her that I wanted them shipped 'Special Delivery' wich meant I could afford to pay double the usual rates for an abortion. She knew what I meant, all right. What she didn't know was that she was dealing with an undercover agent.





in this case — at Center Street Police Headquarters. I was a little apprehensive about the timing of the operation: it would have to be pulled off like clockwork to succeed, or another operation would be performed which I didn't want any part of.

We had known about the ring for some time and had spent long weeks gathering evidence. Now the hour to crack down had at last come. I had made contact with the gang a few days earlier, posing as a distraught woman three months pregnant. I had sought our Mrs. C...., an underworld "surgeon" who was known to be performing illegal operations at cut-rate prices. I pleaded with her to "help me out of my predicament", and she set up the meeting for Thursday, March 4, 1960, in a midtown hotel room, at 3 p.m.

As I say, I was there, but Mrs. C..... was not.

I wondered what had happened, and my worst fears came into focus. Perhaps the gang had received some warning—or perhaps some action of mine had fipped them off—and they wouldn't show. That meant months of hard, dragging police work had gone down the drain. As I paced and fumed in the lobby of the hotel, I tried to look back and examine the modus operandi of abortionists, and in so doing couldn't help but remember the sordid case histories on file at police stations throughout the country.

My training had told me that abortion rings are constantly being formed and broken up. When offenders are caught, many times they are merely "slapped on the wrist" by a lenient judge and either given a suspended sentence or a small fine. If a bonafide doctor is involved, he stands a good chance of losing his medical license, but many times he couldn't care less, having found the abortion racket so lucrative that he had long ago left legitimate practice. In these cases, the "doctor" merely picks up in the racket where he had left off, perhaps taking extra precautions to insure his anonymity for a while.

Our rea concern, however, was not legitimate doctors gone astray — though they are bad enough — but rather the untrained, dirty-handed "quacks" who each year in the U.S. are responsible for the deaths of some six to eight thousand women who seek their services. These are the real culprits of this business of abortion.

I remembered that between 1946 and 1948, two women

Mrs. L. leaves police headquarters with her husband. She was arraigned on an abortion charge.

ran one of the most profitable houses of abortion in history in an ultra-fashionable district of Manhattan. Their operating rooms were located, in the words of Manhattan's District Attorney Frank Hogan, in "a palatial private residence on Fifth Avenue." Lots of strangs stories have come out of houses along this street, notably the discovery of the Collyer Brothers a few blocks away. But there was never a more hideous home than this abortion mansion. I remembered one case authorities turned up when they raided this vicious den:

Sally, a beautiful but young and impressionable girl, had come to New York two years earlier and was pursuing a career in modeling. Like many of her kind, she was easy prey for Manhattan's wolves and eventually found herself pregnant. She wasn't even sure which of two men was the father. One of these men, a conscientious person in spite of his ommorality, offered to marry Sally. But she turned him down.

"I just couldn't be sure if he was the one," she explained to her roommate later. "And besides, I didn't want to get married yet."

Instead of going home to Pennsylvania and letting nature take its course, as her roommate suggested, Sally elected to undergo a "quickie" abortion. She wheedled the money from her boyfriend who had offered to marry her and made a "contact."





Sally got away with her abortion but, strange as it may seem, grew carless again. In fact two more times. She had become a "regular" at the Fifth Avenue mansion, but the third time waited too long before visiting the "doctors" because she was having a tough time getting her current boyfriend to foot the bill.

She was about four months pregnant when she was wheeled into the emergency ward of the hospital one night. suffering from vaginal bleeding and slight abdominal pains. Her temperature soared to 106 within a couple of hours. In the morning she gave birth to a normal-appearing fetus which had been dead for about 18 hours.

Twelve hours later Sally was dead. She was 23 years old. Doctors blamed her death on the two previous abortions, which, although they had been successful, had weakened

her sufficiently to cause the internal bleeding.

Most abortions, contrary to popular belief, are performed on married women. Generally, the reasons fall into three categories: economical, physiological or psychological.

One young housewife had been told by her family physician she stood a good chance of giving birth to a deformed baby. Desperately, she sought out the illegal abortionists. During the operation, the abortionist clumsily damaged vital organs and the patient, though she recovered from the ordeal, was never able to bear children again. Doctors agreed that the threat of a deformed baby which sent her to the abortion mill, would probably not have been repeated had she been able to become pregnant again.

While most states allow legal abortions if the "health" of the mother is in jeopardy, this usually means a life and death struggle must be present. Such aspects as mental health, for instance, are not accepted by the courts. Therefore, many doctors who medically believe an abortion to be reccommended hesitate to go through with it themselves since they know they are subject to later prosecu-

Take the case of Janice who had qualms about her first pregnancy. Although possessed of a neurotic personality, she had never sought psychological treatment. But when she learned she was going to have a baby, she went into fits, threatening to kill herself before going through with it. Her stock-broker husband was worried and well-heeled. After a consultation with a doctor brought no results, he decided to turn his wife over to the hands of an expensive

Cigarette in hand, embittered abortion mill chief waits while detectives investigate his offices.

but amateur abortionist "for her own good."

following the illegal operation, Janice began to receive psychological care and emerged with an improved outlook on life. But try as they could, the couple could not produce an heirs. Finally, an examination revealed the suspected truth: because of the illegal abortion, Janice would be forever denied the newly-found pleasure of bearing a child.

She promptly lapsed into a far worse state than she had been in before, brooded for months, and ended up taking an overdose of barbiturates.

Shirley was another unmarried girl who woke up one morning to find herself pregnant. She was a Roman Catholic of strong faith but when she told her boyfriend Jimmy what had happened, he insisted on an abortion since they "couldn't afford to get married."

They couldn't afford an abortion either, really, but Jim managed to get a line from an elevator operator on a "cutrate" service in New Jersey. Finally convincing Shirley it was the best thing to do, he bundled her into his car one night and made the long trip to the abortionists' head-quarters in a cabin back in the Jersey hills.

As things turned out, their choice was a poor one. When the operation didn't go right and the girl started to hemorrhage, they were a long way from a hospital. The girl was dead on arrival. What had started out as a simple, though illegal, operation, had turned into murder.

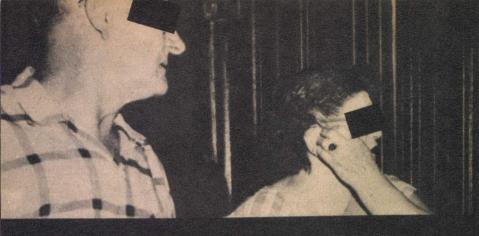
Because of the promise of a "fast buck," there are too many seedy characters taking up the role of "doctor". Alice was a normal, pleasant young girl who had gotten into trouble. She went to see an abortionist recommended to her by a beauty shop operator. He was a man who once had served time for sex perversion and had taken up illegal operations to satisfy his disease. He forced Alice to submit to his sex whims first, threatening not to carry through with the operation if she refused.

Those are the things I kept thinking about all the time I sat there in that midtown hotel lobby. The thousands of lives lost each year; the disease-infested operating rooms because of the abortionist's need for a minimum of purely portable instruments; the dirty, perverted people who played the game.

For the past hour I had been constantly glancing up at

Waiting to be booked, nurses sit in detention room at police headquarters.





Being booked on abortion charges is commonplace in New York City police stations.

the lobby clock. It now read close to 4 p.m. and I really thought our suspects would never show up. But the plan was to give them plenty of time so I waited, while the desk clerk grew more suspicious as the minutes ticked by At two minutes to four I spotted my contact getting out of a cab at the curb in front of the hotel. There were two other people with her; a young, teenage girl who Mrs. C..... introduced as her daughter, A..... and W..... her daughter's brother-in-law.

We went upstairs to Mrs. C......'s hotel room and quietly, efficiently got down to business. From a valise, Mrs. C..... pulled a white hospital garment and I was told to remove my clothes and put it on. W..... galantly turned his back while I changed, but then, when it seemed I was taking too long, he looked over and said flatly: "Come on, come on. Hurry it up. We haven't got all day."

I had been trying to stall as long as I could, for I had no idea whether the snow may have delayed my rescuers as it had the abortionists. It would have been comforting at the moment to have a little device like the Dick Tracy wrist radio, but unfortunately they haven't been invented vet.

I finally got the rest of my things off and into the hospital gown. Mrs. C..... had, with the help of her daughter and the man, unlimbered her instruments and prepared them with what looked like clinical care. Now they direct-



ed me to lie down on a table top. I obeyed, trusting in the Good Lord and the efficiency of the New York Police Department.

Then, with a reassuring smile, Mrs. C..... picked up the penicillin needle.

"This won't hurt you a. . ." she started to say through a toothy grin. But she never finished. All hell broke loose. My five husky friends from Centre Street hadn't let me down. The detectives smashed through the door and rounded up the three abortionists without a struggle. One of them helped me off the table and I asked him: "Are you guys always this dramatic?"

He flashed me a grin. "Sorry, we couldn't make contact but we were near you all the time."

Mrs. C...... and her two assistants were charged with attempted abortion. Police also rounded up a Brooklyn druggist and his clark who supplied the abortion ring. They were accused of selling drugs and equipment without a prescription.

Mrs. C..... admitted that the ring had performed 13 abortions at fees ranging from \$50 (cheap by most standards) upwards. There were a few arrests in the past too, it turned out, which involved Mrs. C..... and abortion activities.

For my part, I was glad to lose my "three months pregnant identity without benefit of that penicillin needle which was held over me! THE END EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT THE SNOWMAN WHO MAKES REMOTE MANY ARE AWARE OF A SIMILAR HAVE SEEN IN THE COLORADO

HAIRY WHITE-



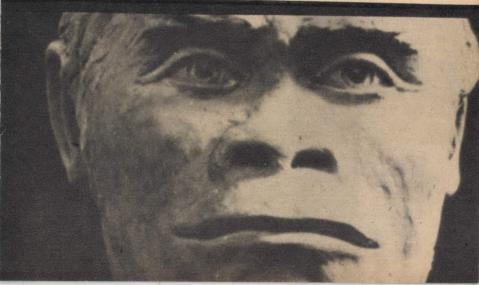
REPORTS OF THE ADOMINABLE

TIBET HIS HABITAT. BUT HOW

BEING WHICH AMERICAN INDIANS

CANYONS? HERE'S THE STORY OF

FACE MONSTER



The Mojave Indians were warlike, independent and resistent to the beguiling promises of the Great White Father. After they had finally signed treaties with the government they observed them faithfully. Their independence now appeared in their attitude toward the missionaries that brought the white man's religion. The Mojave warriors preferred their own theology. The missionaries knew many of the concepts from other tribes: Spirits of animals that appeared as helpers, visions that foretold dangerous events, special visions that taught a man what elements should go into his personal medicine bag.



Slowly it dawned on the missionaries that there were some myths and beliefs peculiar to the Mojaves. Much of it seemed to center on a mysterious canyon-creature. The reluctant tribal chiefs would turn blank impassive faces on the white questioners if anything was asked about Hairy White-Face.



Above: Family of a Mojave brave gather to watch his wedding ceremony.
At right: an elderly tribesman, Chief Mad Feathers, remembers the war parties he took part in as a young brave. At left; reconstructed dust of a thousand years of Mojave history.



The children were more willing to talk; but they knew very little Hairy White-Face was a creature of enormous chest-girth, long, dangling arms, thick-skulled head set on massive shoulders. He dwelt among the inaccessible caves that occurred high in the walls of the many small canyons in Mojave territory. The local bogeyman, thought the missionaries, was a creature designed to frighten children into good behavior. Hairy White-Face was of little interest to them, lacking any of the mystery or charm that could be associated with the spirit of evil, a local devil that could be used in their sermons about sin, temptations of the flesh and the naughty, naugtv Devil.

Among the cavalry troops that patrolled the region there happened to be a young lieutenant named Ernest Lloyd who had read with great excitement the journals of Lewis and Clark, Fremont, Renox and Gregory. He was fired with the wonder of being in the very country they had traversed. In his hard bunk at night he lay awake listening to the thousand voices of the desert: coyotes, squealing prey, Indians playing at being Indians now that they had no real enemies

Lt. Lloyd had heard vague stories of the cave-dwelling, hairy-faced monster. One night it struck him that this was the sort of clue that a truly competent student of native life could work into something profound and rich. That very night he dashed off a letter to his old history instructor at West Point. Unsure of himself, he carefully made a tentative, half-humorous suggestion that this might be worth solid investigation as folklore.

to war against.

The Mojaves are a sad people.

This war costume is a spirited part of Mojave history.





The history professor read it during the same month that the scientific world was wildly agog over some recent findings that proved the existence of the Neanderthal men. The similarity was too striking to be overlooked: cave-dweller, long, dangling arms, skull set forward on heavy shoulders. These were possibly coincidences, but the Indians were notoriously beardless. How did this cave-dweller become hairy? Why the white face in an old tradition that was handed down from generations that had never heard of white men?

The professor wrote a long letter to his former student. Every line fairly danced on the page with his efforts to keep his excitement out of the actual words in which he strongly urged Lt. Lloyd to turn all his leisure time into finding out every possible fact about the legendary creature. The letter enclosed a sheet of questions. When was the last time the Hairy White-Face was reported seen? How often in a generation was he seen? Did he have a mate, children, a name? Were there stories of his carrying off women of the tribe?

Lloyd was delighted and overwhelmed by the response to his letter. A few clippings the professor had enclosed explained the tumult raging in Europe over the Neanderthal men that might conceivably be ancestors of the human race.

The investigation was not as easy or straightforward as the professor had assumed. Lt. Lloyd encountered the same stony silence that had baffled the missionaries in their pursuit of the elusive monster-man. But Lloyd had an advantage over the missionaries; he could devote his youth, his masculine charms and his free evenings to establishing better relations with the copper-skinned. nnmarried Mojave beauties.



The lieutenant gallantly made the supreme sacrifice for science. It worked like a dream, on the style of a pillow dictionary; you might call it pillow-research project. The facts the affectionate girl whispered to him under the stars added greatly to his store of information. The Hairy White-Face was generally seen several times a year. Oh, some years he might not be seen at all, but other years four or five different warriors or hunting parties would spot him - sometimes in different canyons, but most often in the same two or three that lay to the North of the reservation.

He was much heavier than a man, but because he walked crouched ov- with forbidden firewater. er it was hard to be sure how tall ened up.

yons, hunted food, avoided men (like a mountain lion in this respect) and was capable of killing "hare-handed" when enraged at being approached too closely.

Further questions, she could not answer. Well, there had been stories of women out picking nuts and berries who disappeared about the time he had been seen, but it was far more probable they had been carried off by other tribes in the continual raiding that went on in those olden times.

Ernest Lloyd reported this in meticulous detail to the professor. He did not need the letter of encouragement to pursue his investigation further: by now, his standing with the young warriors was on a very solid foundation. Lloyd had shown wisdom in human relations: he had learned much of the language (thanks to the pillow-dictionary). He respected their customs and he could sit for the necessary four tedious hours while a bragging warrior composed the song-story of his heroic exploits. From them Lloyd began to pick up further details about Hairy White-Face. None of them had seen him. They named two men of the age group just ahead who had seen the fabulous creature.

Against army regulations and against his own ethical principles. Lt. Lloyd bribed his way into the good graces of the two warriors

The first story was disappointhe was. Not as tall as a big warrior ingly meagre. Brother of North certainly (the Mojave are among Wind had been warned by his the tallest American Indians). Lt. friendly spirit in a dream that he Lloyd translated this to mean that must avoid his wife for ten days. the Hairy White-Face would be just Avoiding his wife, meant to a Mounder six feet tall if he straight- jave not only being away from her but being sure that he would not He was not the embodiment of the hear her name or any message evil spirit. To the Mojave he was about her. Brother of North Wind a living creature who dwelt in can- had started a solitary hunt, deliberately picking canyons and badlands where he would not be likely to meet friends or neighbors.

> The fourth day he had built his tiny night fire on a broad ledge outside a small dry cave. Something wakened him long after moonrise. Not moving from his place he could see a figure through the low entrance of the cave treading softly in half-circles near his fire. Suddenly a hairy arm darted out, snatched a smouldering brand and bounded out of view. Brother of North Wind had not gone beyong his fire in pursuit. The faint sounds of sliding rocks told him the creature had headed up the canvon wall. Several times he saw the sort of glow that could mean the wind had momentarily revived the smoulder

ing branch into flame.

The story was meagre but the implications were enormous. No creature except man ever dares approach fire. A crucial point in the debate about the animal-human status of the Neanderthal remnants had been that fire remains could be found near their dwellings. If the Hairy White-Face had been able to pick up a smouldering brand then Hairy White-Face was something more than an animal; something akin to man.

Yucca Wisdom had a more detailed story. It went back to the days before the treaties with the government had been signed. Yucca Wisdom had spent months hiding in the hills with other warriors making raids on wagon trains and even attacking Pony Express relay posts. Hard-pressed by the cavalry after one raid that went wrong (from the Indian point of view), the band had scattered.

Yucca Wisdom had sheltered in a dead-end canyon he had never seen before. It had many small caves in the cliff walls, clumps of pinon nut trees, small game that he lived on. Several times he thought he was being watched and he gave the coyote howl signal that a friend would recognize. No one replied to the signals.

Yucca Wisdom decided it was a solitary stalking animal and redoubled his alertness and care. On the fourth night, something tripped his ingenious burglar alarm. (He had set up a delicate balance of twigs and shale so that the weight of a footfall approaching his sleeping place would start a miniature landslide). Yucca Wisdom put arrow to bow.

The figure, he could see, was that of a very powerful man — a barrel chest that was at least five inches deeper than any man's, massive shoulders, huge biceps, powerful forearms. The face was alien, the jaw almost a snout, with fang-like teeth. The nose was flattened and wide-nostrilled, the expression human.

Yucca Wisdom explained it as best he could. It showed annoyance at being tricked. Yucca Wisdom repeated it. The creature knew it had set off an alarm — something artificial and not natural. This understanding and its annoyance indicated it to be a thinking creature. While Yucca Wisdom watched, the deep eyes surveyed the scene. Then the creature turned and vanished.

Lt. Lloyd never was able to find another first-hand account. These facts, and the correspondence with his history professor are part of the enormous banks of files maintained in the Cavalry Records files of the Army at the Pentagon. Lost among dozens of reports of pursuits, ambushes, rescue parties in the Cavalry's stirring history in pacifying the West, this material has never before been published.



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Way back when the first angry cave-wife complained about the short figleaf the teen-ager was wearing, some cynical bachelor remarked, "Thems as has it, shows it."

Gia Scala has it. She has it up front and she has it sideways. When she leaves a group, the eyes of the men who follow her movements prove that she has it

from that angle too.

Night club frequenters in various capital cities are telling their friends that what Gia has, Gia displays. It dosen't start at the start of the evening; her low-cut gown is is no more daring than the current style calls for. Sneaky-peekers insist that her budget makes no allowance for bras; but that is no more than a compliment to her natural endowments. You wouldn't complain that Mickey Mantle doesn't wear eye-glasses, would you?

Public Fun and Private Sorrow Gia is refreshingly cheerful when she enters the cafe with her little group. Her well-bred smile comes easily as reward for almost everything that her escort says. Gia, conscious of the fact that her movie career has already taken a promising turn, turns her serene and beautiful face toward the other patrons

With these legs who needs a script?
In a moment of reflection.
Do clothes make the woman?





with friendly good-will lighting up her features. To look at her it is difficult to remember that just two years ago she was narrowly saved from a rash act.

Immediately after her excellent performance of a juicy secondary part in the hilarious "Tunnel of Love" Gia returned to England (despite her name she is half-Irish and Liverpool born for work on a picture at the Elstree studios. The story has been partly reconstructed by reporters. Gia got home from the studio one day, went out for the evening with a dark, un-named man, returned home fairly early. The nieghbors report a violent noisy quarrel with her father. Gia phoned for a taxi, and instructed him to drive to London's famed Waterloo Bridge. At the bridge Gia stepped from the cab, handed the driver a piece of iewelry and abruptly turned and climbed the parapet overlooking the melancholy waters of the Thames. The alert cabby dashed and caught her before she could rump. Holding the struggling actress he managed to contact the police on his two-day car radio. Gia did not give up her purpose even when the police arrived. In her fight to get free she bit one bobby as she kept repeating, "Let me do it. Let me do it."

After spending the night under sedation, Gia recovered enough to hold a smiling press meeting at the studio the next day. Cheerfully she assured the reporters that she had worked out her problem and that everything

was now fine, with her career, her home life and her personal life. No one mentioned the accepted explanation, that this abnormal behavior had been brought on by grief for her much-beloved mother who had died a few months earlier, after a lingering illness.

The Secret Turning Point Gia's declaration of emotional health seems justified by the next few months. She put a lot of good acting into her part in the "Two-headed Spy", and presented no problems to her studio or her friends. Psychologists have often observed that personlity changes often brew for a while internally before the slightest sign of the new characteristics appear in behavior or deeds. Gia had not been noted for wild behavior in public through the early years of her success in Hollywood. The time she had been arrested on a drunken driving charge when her sports car crashed into a store front, she maintained she had not been drunk and that the accident was caused by a defective, steering system. That alibi sounded funny to the press, especially when she added that she had had only two glasses of champagne. At first, Gia stubbornly refused to put up \$263 bail even though she had nearly four hundred dollars with her. The switcheroo was that when the case came to trail the judge dismissed the case because there was insufficent evidence that she was drunk. But since the narrow escape on Waterloo bridge things have

been changing with Gia. The public behavior became much freer. At a night club, Gia would proceed to drink, round for round, with her escort and their companions. She no longer stopped at the two glasses of champagne. The drinking seemed to break down her inhibitions. Gia took to the habit of circulating from table to table greeting acquaintences and acknowledging the greetings of fans who badly wanted to become acquaintances. Guests at the clubs that Gia patronized noticed that Gia was having more and more trouble keeping her gowns in place as she began to show greater appreciation of the fun of night life. Frequently in the course of an evening her secort or a member of her party would have to suggest, tactfully, that an adjustment of the bodice was overdue. At such times Gia would beam happily at the thoughtful prude and make a more or less successful attempt to minimize the display. It didnt matter too much because in a few moments Gia's vivacious gestures would have the situation back where it was: all the men at the cafe would be gaping and all the women would be muttering complaints about the unfair competition.

The Night of the Solo Dance
The connection between drinking and over-generous revelations has been noted with other, celebrities. Gia is not the only woman who seems to understand the fundamental truth that them what has it, shows it. There

is a story that one wealthy ancient sport has standing orders at his favorite cafe to send the celebrities bottles of champagne (compliments of the management.) whenever the state of affairs seems to promise a visible reward, by having the extra drinks tip the scales in the direction of removing inhibitions. Gia's loss of control of her decolletage has been matched, in the very same club, by extemporaneous exhibitions by such high-grade dolls as Jayne, Anita, Sophia and Mamie. These accidents are normal hazards of the modern emphasis on lowcut evening gowns. In fact, it is a dull evening for cafe society when less than four or five of the fashionable guests fail to suffer this sort of mishap.

At a party, recently, Gia had been accepting drinks as they were offered. Lots of men liked to be of use to Gia so she was being offered drinks steadily. As the party grew friendlier and merrier no one attempted to keep score of the mishaps and readjustments to dress-fronts. The tone of exuberant goodfellowship was spreading rapidly and better things were in store. Gia, radiant with the excitement of the good fun she was having, stepped out on the floor and began a dance. The other dancers continued their own steps, indifferent to the fact that Gia was bent on





doing a solo. Gia made a short-lived attempt to taken possession of enough of the dance floor to get her inspiration flowing. Then, as abruptly as she had started, she gave up and went back to the friendly spot where a man and a drink were waiting.

A newcomer joined the little group just in time to hear Gia say that it was just well the dancers had not yielded the floor to her. Feeling the way she did, she might have been too inspired, and danced more extravagantly than would have been truly wise. The newcomer excused himself from the group and made his way to the band He whispered a few moments. and then, as the music grew very soft, the gentleman toured the dancing couples and whispered briefly to each pair. In almost no time the dance floor was emptied. The band struck up the song it had been playing when Gia had made her first try for a solo. The newcomer was back at her side, casually pointing out that the floor was now free and the music was being repeated. Had Gia courage to try again? He, for one, would

be delighted to offer the invitation by applauding.

At parties like these no one goes through the formality of asking who or what the applause is for. Soon the whole room was cheering and clapping. Gia walked to the center of the room and nodded a few times in rhythm with the throbbing music. Then she went into her dance. The dance was original but spelled out an age-old theme. Passion and desire were enacted; the longing and the seduction; the ecstacy and the fulfillment were conveyed without words but very unmistakably. Garments that hampered the execution of the exciting theme were thrust aside and held out of the way. This was an exotic dance that few native tribes could have matched. Gia, flushed, breathless, conscious of having expressed herself with deep artistic honesty, walked sedately off the floor and back to her escort as the thundering applause testified that she had been a complete success. Try to get some of the bystanders to tell you the details; the report will startle and thrill you.

A Partial Table of Contents of

AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF

- . book by RALPH GINZBURG
- · introduction by DR. THEODOR REIK
- preface by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Printed herewith is a partial table of contents of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTUCA, the first book in English to give you the basic facts about crotic literature. . . all those books you have never been allowed to read. If, after browsing through these cycbrow-raising titles and subjects, you are interested in reading this extraordinary volume, which has been called "the hidden best-seller of the year," simply mail the coupon below together with your check or money order for only \$1.58 (2 copies, \$8.95) and we will send you "An Unburried View of Erotica" in the handsome, gift-boxed Collector's Edition, postpaid.

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latraduction
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the stream of Anglo-Saxon literature.
He demonstrates how the contents of
this book are important to the sexologist, the analyst, the historian and the
connoisseur of literature, and he makes
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current society that may shock some current society that may shock some readers.

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Part V: First American Works

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Part VI: Reference Works

Enormous difficulty of collecting information about secretly printed, banned books. Societies throughout would delicated to this task, firgis-interpolate would delicated to this task, firgis-naire erotique; definitions from "Dictionary of Vulgar Tongou"; bawdy ballada; "The Cop Shepherdess" and "The Unfortunate Miller" (ballada), both printed in entirely; how the only American copy of an Il-volume encyclopedia of sexual countents are the grast collections of pronouncies of the grast collections of pronouncies of the grast collections of pronouncies. knowledge sold for 37,000,00 and what some of the contents are; the great collections of pornouraphic literature: Vatican, British Masseum, Dr. Kinsey, etc.; how King. Farouk disappointed the book collectors; who can read efotic books from the big collection and how they obtain them; how some libraries fall even to last in their catalogs evoid titles which they own.

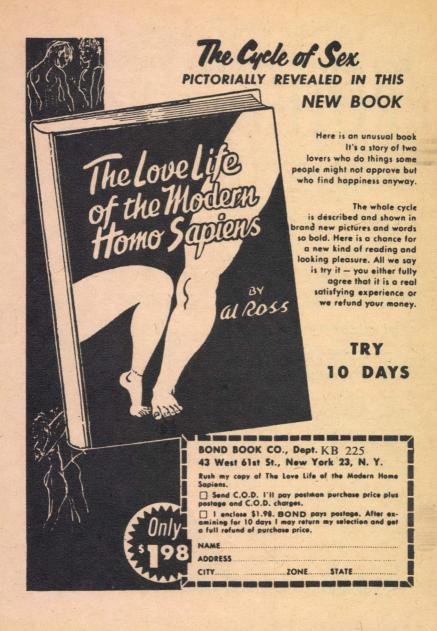
Part VII: The Eretic Book Market Today

Prices of pornographic works; book desired catalog listings; how many volumes are sold in New York each year; the three companies in Paris which publish most of the erotic books in English cloday; what they have to self: some sharp statements by a New York book dealer, a psychotherapits and a well known attorney.

Part VIII: Bibliography

A list of 100 of the world's choicest books of erotic literature.

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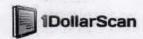
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